
PINDAR'S WORKS.

VOLUME. III.



THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR ESQ.
COMPLETE.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. III.

D U B L I N :

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EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A

GREAT DUKE,

AND A

LITTLE LORD.

Full many a Wight hath suffered for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.
That PETER may not thus have Cause to say
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray!
———Torrens dicendia copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia!———

ODE I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications——
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the King of Nations.

Ye sharp state mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws:
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,

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B

'Twixt

'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
 And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
 So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
 The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
 And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat;
 When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
 Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
 A linnet or canary bird, so sweet;
 The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
 Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
 Twinkling with mischief fraught his tyger tail;
 Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
 Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;
 When sudden enters master with a roar,
 And kicks the scheming murderer to door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honest watchdogs of the state,
 I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate —

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
 A praise that stamps a character divine!
 Believe not thus the Poet can offend;
 Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter perpetrate so foul a thing!
 I offer mischief to so good a King!
 Now be it known to all the realms around,
 I would not lose my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,
 I beg you will not let suspicion loose —

If so—of history I'll turn compiler—
Divulge some tame amours with Mistress Cyl-r:
So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down?

Lo! into life against my will I tumbled,
And, says my nurse I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and
grumbled,
Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
Against my wishes lugg'd me into light;
And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to suit;
And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute;
Inclin'd to say, like Beckford*, undeterr'd,
“By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard.”

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
For lo! desire, as to a bosom wife,
Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,
“Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years?”

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and grooming, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

“ Lord, Lord,” I should delighted roar away,
 “ Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears.”
 “ So long! what for!” the Deity might cry,
 “ O great Divinity,” quoth I,

“ A thousand reasons; principally one,
 “ To see the present Prince of Wales,
 “ Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
 “ Aloft on Britain’s envied throne.

“ Where halt the monarchs that have sat before
 “ Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore;
 “ To damn the credit of the age,
 “ And load with folly hist’ry’s blushing page.”

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
 A GEORGE the FOURTH upon the throne,
 Adieu at once thy age of gold!
 Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
 For fear of Fortune’s wild vagaries;
 Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
 Rise Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLs and MARYs.

O D E III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm—
 I know the youth receiv’d from heaven a heart:
 In friendship’s cause I know his bosom warm,
 That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

’Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,
 Immers’d in mammon, and by mis’ry got;
 Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
 And wishes to have ev’ry thing for nought:

Who if he gam’d, the dice would meanly cog;
 Rob the blind beggar’s scrip, and starve his dog—
 And

And that there are such wretches near a throne,
Degraded Nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch;
Who fighting, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks for WANT a penny from his purse :

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
For money feels the hunger of the shark ;
Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,
Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
With mirth and fallies of the soul resound :
When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd ;
Behold the VIRTUES that sublimely soar,
Instead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's
evil;

There's scarce a crime I've not committed ;
The very essence of the devil ;
Deserving by the demon to be spitted ;

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire ;
So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
The swan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left ;

Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may damn me into fame:
By letting thus your spleen on PETER loose,
He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:
In vain to Printers and to Printer's devils
I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings,
Till those same Kings are dead, and then the
crowd,
Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
By staying till the Fates have cut his thread:
After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?
The man who millions call'd his own,
Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:

" Bard, we are both superior to thy lays——

" Deaf to the censure, and despise thy praise.

" Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime,

" Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,

" An Atlas hiding midst the thickest clouds;

" Whilst thou, a beetle, doom'd to buz below,

" In circles, envious rambling to and fro,

" Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

" Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,

" Are like the sea's mad wave that make a pother,

" Wild rushing on some promontory's side,

" One noisy blockhead following another.

" The stately promontory seems to say,

" Aspiring fools, go back again, go home:

" At once the shoulder'd bullies dash'd away,

" Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

" Thou, with rapscallions like thyself,

" A poor opiniated elf,

" Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,

" Art like an impudent lane goose,

" Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,

" Starts from amongst his flock, and ill-bred throng,

" Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice so
coarse,

" As if to swallow up the man and horse:

" With rumbled feathers to the steed he steals,

" And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels;

" Then to his gang with out-stretch'd pinions hob-
bling,

" The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,

" And

“ And from each brother’s greeting gullet draws
 “ The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,
 “ As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
 “ And man and palfry kill’d and eaten.

“ Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
 “ To own thy King e’er did one act of merit.”

My Lords, with great submission to your sense,
 Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
 An act is his my heart with rapture hails —
 George gave the world the Prince of Wales ;
 A Prince, who when he fills Old England’s throne,
 The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
 And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
 He left it as *unsoiled* as he found it.

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard’s desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
 But fierce George Hardinge* swore if pens or pen
 Of woman, women, man, or men,
 In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
 Dar’d mention that superior Lady, lo!
 The law should deal them *such* a blow! —
 Hang, pill’ry, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
 That tow’ring critic of the air,
 Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
 Amidst the crystal fields of heav’n;
 By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
 Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv’n;

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
 Nam’d Westminster, the gentle bard

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Might of the fable legions taste the gall:
 He therefore wisely means to play his card:
 The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
 And thus his hide an old companion saves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,
 In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!
 What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,
 Is not at Westminster found law!

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars;
 But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars:
 At Westminster how different is his fate?
 Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
 The sheers of law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,
 And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchance law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
 Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
 Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
 And stop his Apollinian note;
 The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
 And putting every muse in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
 On one dull tune eternally I'm harping—
 You would have said to MILTON just the same;
 Who thought twelve books the head of Satan maul'd—
 Such names the prince of darkness call'd,
 As must have made you roar out shame.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,
 "What! Milton, always plaguing the poor Devil,
 "For ever beating Nick about the head;
 "How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?

"Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
 "But must thou to a mummy beat him,

"And,

" And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him
 " Through books a dozen or fourteen ?

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
 And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
 Had answer'd, " There is sence and reason in ye—
 " Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
 " The hint you offer not amiss is:
 " I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil ?
 Believe me, something to the world's sad cost——
 By such civility to spare the Devil,
 My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the GREAT away;
 Of fun you rob him of cart-loads——
 What would his customers all do and say ?
 P'rhaps, curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, " Let satire meaner subjects look."
 Well, JENKY *, grant my satire flies at *you*,
 Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book ?——
 Adieu fair fame, and fortune's smiles adieu !

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
 Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket !
 How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
 With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
 Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
 Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap ?
 But let the noble lion grace the gin,
 Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
 To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the GREAT, the mystery stands explained.

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
 Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
 Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
 As if the world was all broke loose ;

But when a little villain haps to swing,
 What a poor solitary string!
 How few by curiosity are fetch'd
 To see the rope of justice stretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
 To do their duty at the culprit's side,
 With hemp and pray'rs his neck and soul assist,
 And wish the lonely trav'ler a good ride.

O D E VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,
 " This Peter is the most audacious dog;

" The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name——

" A King to him is scarce above a log,"
 Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you please;
 A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye,
 T'avoid in this affair minute enquiry
 Concerning their respective merit;
 I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit;
 Logs universally are useful things;
 A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

" For us, on Honour's pinnacles," you cry,
 " Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
 " High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r;
 " This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
 " Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
 " A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

* A few foreign Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

" Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
 " Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
 " With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
 " No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
 " Than sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
 " That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chat-
 ter."

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
 Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm—
 And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
 For barely getting fights of rank and dress!

When Judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look so big,
 What gives them consequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
 See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
 But heads, not hair, my admiration draw:
 Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
 Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull!
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
 The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house
 Fall down loose,

Upon a set of cursed iron spikes;
 Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,

Bless

Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
Where Love's fond couples often join their noses.

Upon me what a host I've got !
Who by their black abuses boil their pot.
Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
And from the hollows of each stomach bawls !

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
Harb'ring whole stinking nations ;
Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.
Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times !

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright
rancour.

He was a first-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea ;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor ;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—
A sugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge ;

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow ;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow !

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is——
Their satire's horrid hair cloth, mine is silk——
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves——
I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it——
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
“ In *him* the courtly Horace lives again——
“ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render——
No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *families*, so soft his stile,
That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should smile;
He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar——
His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather——
He tickles only—how can he do more,
Whose only instrument's a feather?

O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd
song,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng;
And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
To hold the censor to the nose of Sate!

Too many a weak brain'd man, and filly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries;
Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless
fires!——
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange——
The love of flattery is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys:
Just as the mange to lapdog's skins apply'd,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm——
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high:
But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre;
And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to
glow;
By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
“ She triumphs only o'er the world below.”

O D E XI.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
 To batten in the royal rug,
 And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,
 And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall.
 Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
You know the miserables that can *prove* it.
 I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings)
 Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—
 Ceylon I think it is—Yes, yes, I'm right ;
 There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
 And blasphemy it is their pow'r to flight.

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie,
 Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
 And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
 To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
 That happen in the world to tumble ;
 “ Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
 “ Hath brought to bless your dog so humble,
 “ One, two, three, four, five puppies into life ;
 “ All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
 “ To hang or drown in half an hour.”

This is too servile, I must dare confess—
 'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
 Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
 To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
 To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certes* some time since is,
 My bible so replete with Kings and Princes,

And

And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple;
 I thought too, which was natural enough,
 Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
 From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,
 The edge of admiration wore away,
 Like razor's edges rubb'd against a stone;
 Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion,
 I saw the Beings soon without emotion,
 And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
 To think Jove kept a soul and body shop—
 Like mercers had variety of stuff,
 For such whose turn it was to be made up;
 And that he treated with great liberality
 Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
 Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
 In short, the choicest of cœlestial goods:

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
 It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
 Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps;
 Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
 In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes——
 VIDELICET—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimblefull of praise,
 E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
 A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
 And unconnected with the courtier's spirit——
 You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
 And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit——
 Evaporated half its spirit;

Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm :
From solid pudding to whipp'd cream !

There was a time when not one bit afraid
Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said;
I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursued ;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd :
And with the stoicism that sooths a stone,
I sat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,
And midst the hurrying mafs of specter'd gloom,
FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
And, thund'ring, threats a system's doom ;

Lo ! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps ;
Now on the mountain surge compos'd he squats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say with righteous David, " Lord,
" With foes I'm sore encompassed about ;
And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verse ador'd,
" I wote not when I shall get out ;
" So craftily the heathen me assail
" My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almost ev'ry one at Peter's head
Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop——
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
But harmless yet, thank God, I've seen it drop:

Yet by and by some luckless shot
May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter——
Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with shameless metre:

Not so our gracious King and Queen, I know it——
They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all so vile,
 Betting his skin against the Lord's,
 Adding a most contemptuous smile,
 As well as most indecent words,
 Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
 At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils:

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
 Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place——
 The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,
 Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
 As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
 When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
 And fill'd the fine-dress'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing;
 Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
 Who won his blazing star by means amazing——
 By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
 Thomson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-stick;
 Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
 As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
 Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
 When puppies join in wanton play,
 Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
 A fly old alligator pokes his nose;
 P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
 At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
 Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
 To compliment the monarch of the brook.

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,
 Like fam'd Darius, great and good;
 Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate;
 Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for
 food!

Alas! deserted quite by ev'ry friend;
 And what than friendship can be sweeter?
 Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
 Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
 Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves;
 Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
 And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
 I scarce can point against the gale my nose——

A storm more violent was never seen!
 So dread the war!—indeed it must be dread,
 When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
 And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:——
 And yet, not all th'artill'ry is his own;
 Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
 Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his Squire,
 Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh——
 And therefore dread I much to face the fire
 Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with those dread foes
 To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,

Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd so terribly about the head:
By Printer's Devils an allies surrounded:
P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
Herculean, to the world's surprize,
And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the
pit——
Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound——
Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

O D E XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lord, I'll now take
mine,
Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine——
Perchaune with beafts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
You kindly with me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loath the name of King, no doubt——
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:
I am not of that envious class of elves;
Though Dame M'Auley turns on Kings her tail;
With great *respect* the sacred names I hail;
That is, of Monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.

Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am——
That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram:

A change

A change in Peter's life you must not hope :
 To try to wash an ass's face,
 Is really labour to misplace ;
 And really loss of time, as well as sope.

O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh ; my Lords, I must, I will——
 My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still :
 Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
 I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
 And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out :
 I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
 And think that risibility was giv'n
 For human happiness, by gracious heav'n,
 And that we came not into life to cry :

To wear long faces, just as if our maker,
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
 In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
 " Fools, how you plague me ! go, be wise, be gay ;
 " No tortures, penances, your God requires——
 " Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
 " And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
 " In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
 " Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride
 " In starving stomachs, or a horfewhipp'd hide.
 " Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart ;
 " Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things :
 " And if their follies happen to divert,
 " I shall not quarrel at a joke on Kings."

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
 Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
 Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
 To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:

In spite of all the world may say and think,
 If Empresses will punk-like kiss and drink:

If Kings will sell the hares and boars they kill,
 And snipe and partridge blood for mammon spill,
 Denying thus themselves a dainty dish,
 And go themselves to market with their fish:

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
 If Kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
 Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
 Instead of mending empires, make horse shoes:

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
 To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
 Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
 Whilst modest genius pines without a friend:

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
 If on bob wigs, slouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
 Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
 More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
 On hard horse chesnuts make them dine and sup,
 Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle
 Until they eat the chesnuts up;
 Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
 And think it dev'lish hard they can't have hay:

If

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
 Converting sober mansions into strollers,
 Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it——
 I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part——
 Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
 'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet——
 Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
 Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able:——
 Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

THE
 PIG AND MAGPIE,
 A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,
 A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
 To pull some hair forsooth, to line his nest;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the Pig, possess.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
 Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn;
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling;
 Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
 And flew without a "Thank ye" to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling:
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,

Who,

Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble:
 In manfully he sallied, full of might,
 Determin'd to obtain his right,
 And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
 But ere he from the brambles came, alack?
 His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat:
 To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat*.

THE

SICK LADY AND THE ALMANACK.

A Poor old woman with a diarrhoea,
 Brought on by slip-slop tea and rot-gut beer,
 Went to Sangrado with a woeful face;
 And, hawking twice or thrice, to clear her throat,
 She told him, in a plaintive note,
 Her case!

* * * * *

Disease had brought her to a doleful state,
 Her legs seem'd tott'ring with a lifeless weight;
 Her bosom panted for the lack of breath,
 Her voice seem'd echoing from the vale of death;
 Her sunken orbs of light but dimly shone;
 A gasping spectre! hardly skin and bone!——

The doctor being in a wond'rous hurry,
 To still a lady in hysteric flurry.

Could hardly stop to hear pale mis'ry's moan;
 So, jumping in his coach, he-bawl'd—"Go on!"
 Howe'er, to keep the dame from *kingdom come*,
 From the sharp gripe of grinning Death, so cruel
 He told her that she need but hurry home,
 And boil some Bole Armoniac in her gruel:—
 Then call upon him in a day or two,
 And let him know
 If things went better, or in *statu quo*.—

The dame, obedient to the doctor's order,
 Came when the time prefix'd was ended;
 Health seem'd to triumph o'er the dire disorder,
 But still she seem'd a little broken winded.

Sangrado felt her pulse, and tongue inspected.
 Then ask'd her if she'd done as he directed.—
 "Zook, sir, for tho'f I sent my godson Jack,
 From house to house, amongst my neighbours,
 To beg a Moore's old Almanack;
 He could not geet un, after all his labours:—
 And zo—I took and boil'd the Babes i'the Wood;
 And, praise the Lord! it's done a *mort* of good."

THE TITHE RENCONTER.

As it was Performed in the County of Suffolk, Anno Domini, 1789.

GREAT Lawyers certainly are sometimes out,
 And so are Reverend Divines—no doubt;
 But when they make *egregious* blunders,
 Who can blame Peter, if he wonders?
 Or stares them, like Lavater, in the face,
 To see if G-d has given them any grace?—

Not

Not many miles from Cambridge, lives a priest,
 A counterpart of Brinsley's Father Paul;
 Whose pig-like stomach, ever on the feast,
 Content not with a plenty, grunts for all.

So great an epicure for dainty dishes,
 Found not a quantum in his *loaves* and *fishes*,
 To appease his avaricious, gorging maw:
 He therefore bluntly told his congregation,
 That tithes must undergo an alteration;
 Or he should take th' opinion of the law.

They, like good brethren, join'd with one accord,
 And told this gormandizing man of God!

That he might take the law, if he were willing:
 But as for giving more than they had done,
 Evaith, they did not like the fun,
 And would not raise another shilling.—

While thus Contention rais'd her toad-like head,
 A Lawyer, deeply in the statutes read;
 To keep defendants clear from ev'ry error,
 Conven'd his clients up together!
 And, being all assembled, thus he spoke,
 (First giving wig a twist, and chin a stroke)—

“ Messieurs! I've search'd our ancient *Modus* over;
 Besides the settled sum for hops and clover,
 There is a kind of predial tithe to pay;
 Namely,— a *Half-hen* on St. Thomas' day.
 But as it's difficult to halve a Hen,
 A whole one may be borne by each two men:
 Which will, in eye of law, be just-as good,
 And save us many a chicken brood.

St. Thomas, gentlemen, will be next Monday;
 I therefore trust you'll get your hens by Sunday,
 And meet by ten, or sooner in the morning:
 But, just before you go, give me a calling;
 Then I, and Little John, will take the lead;
 The rest in pairs shall after us proceed.”—

And, lo! exactly at th' appointed hour.
This throng set forward from the Lawyer's door,
 Preceded by a troop of boys,
 Who made a most ungodly noise.

The Parson, when he heard them coming,
Fell discord in his ears thus drumming;
(Discord that never fails to make,
With fears, the fiercest general quake)
Wonder'd, what Devil's doings was the matter.
With whoops and cacklings there was such a clatter.

He thought some Presbyterian rabble;
In Test-repealing spite, were come to flout him.
Or some fierce Methodistic drabble;
So out he flew, like fury, from his porch,
With brandish'd clu', (instead of torch)
And most religiously he laid about him.

But they, not mindful of his oak, nor threats,
Threw down their Hens in decent order!
Excusing, now and then, a few retreats,
The grouse kept pretty well from fell disorder.

Now, in the midst of this peace-offering scene,
The Lawyer's clerk came skimming o'er the green
And, whisp'ring something to his lord and master,
He in an instant turn'd red! yellow! pale!
Muse, o'er his blushes spread thy milk-white veil;
Who would not blush at such a dire disaster!

In faltering accents, he was heard to say—
“ Let me! Oh let me! steal unseen away:
Scoffs and revilings else will be my doom!”
And then he turn'd his tail, and hurried home.

The youth then rallied up the scatter'd throng,
And, putting on a saint like look;
Making a face—ye gods! how long!
He told them that his master had mistook

A word

A word in ancient *Modus*, for a *half-ben*,
Which meant a *faggot*——that's to say, a *Hearthen**.

Nought in rejoinder had the crowd to say;
So, catching Hens again, they went away——
Next morning waiting on the old law rook,
They paid him for his services so clever;
Most graciously presenting a horn book;
And Lawyer Horn-Book shall his name be ever.

A

CANTERBURY TALE

Heu me, per urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)

Fabula quanta fui!

HOR. EPOD. II.

A Man of music, one who dealt in tunes,
In hautboys and bassoons,
Fiddles and fiddle-strings,
And such harmonic things——
That had a nasal twang;
Which made him subject fit
For wicked wit,
Whene'er he spoke, and oftentimes he sang;
But then his mu-sic,
Sure enough!
Was such incondite stuff,
'Twould make a Christian or a Jew sick!
But not to waste, about his vocal glory,
Our precious time,
And eke our rhyme;
Muse, trim thy quill, and briefly tell thy story.

* *Hearthen* means a small bundle of firewood; it is now almost obsolete, and seldom found but in old law books.

Meanwhile, so softly strike the string,
And join thy voice so passing sweet,
That Pindar, when he hears thee sing,
Shall own the song and subject meet!

This man of music, or this music man,
—The Tale is now began!—
Loves frequently to take a summer trip,
To Margate, or elsewhere,
Sometimes by poney, and sometimes by ship:
And then and there
To tell his tales and crack his jokes,
And sing encore,
Among a sort of silly folks,
Who never heard him sing or say before.

In one of these excursions of renown—
I think historians say at Canterbury,
Or at some other town—
As I'm not now before a judge or jury,
Methinks I need not swear
Where 'twas exactly—but somewhere
He met a fellow traveller—"Sir," says he,
Right full of glee,
"We'll crack a bottle, if you please,
"And sing a song:
"The time may yet be long,
"Before we meet again, so much at ease;
"Come, Here's the King!—



"God—save—great—Sing, Sir, sing!—

"Here's my card,
"You know St. Paul's Church Yard,
(We'll say St. Paul's Church Yard,
To make a rhyme to *card*—)
"I should be glad to see you there,
"Or any where:

"And

“ And, Sir, observe ye,
 “ If you want any thing in my small way——
 “ Perhaps you may,
 “ Or any of your friends—I’d gladly serve ye.
 “ Sir, what d’ye say ?
 “ Perhaps you’ll recommend me, purely,
 “ For old acquaintance, ha!”
 (All this you may suppose,
 Was utter’d thro’ the nose)
 “ Most surely!” said the stranger, “ surely!”

Now ponder well ye cockneys all,
 The tale that I shall tell;
 The same sad fate left you befall,
 Which this poor man befall.

And, madam Muse, attune thy lay,
 To something of more serious sort,
 That well may suit, as one may say,
 A subject of such grave import.

The story then goes on to add,
 As how they mounted each a different pad—
 The stranger was a wicked wight,
 Most sadly given to ungracious wit;
 And when he reach’d his inn at night,
 Feeling an amorous fit,
 With nasal twang—
 Just in the tone his friend essay’d to sing
 “ God save the king!”—
 A tender ditty to the maid he sang,
 About her maidenhead,
 The while she warm’d his bed.——

The muse that dictates this authentic lay,
 Obliges me to say,
 His music had such ’witching charms,
 That soon she sunk into his arms——

* * * * *

And

And then of course she cry'd,
 And said, O dear ! she was undone,
 As sure as any gun !
 And hung about his neck, and sobb'd and sigh'd,
 And said as how the world would scoff.
 And cast her off !
 Said he, " My pretty little dear,
 " See here
 " My card !
 " You know St. Saul's Church Yard.——"
 Nor more nor less !
 And gave his friend's address :
 " If aught assail thee, my protecting arms
 " Are ever open to receive thy charms !"

Now this was said in such poetic guise,
 With so much love in both his eyes,
 The lady ceas'd to snort,
 And said no more——
 To make the story short——
 The morning came ; he rose, and ate his fill,
 Discharg'd his bill,
 Mounted his steed, and gallop'd from the door,

To bring the matter to a close,
 Suppose we now——good poets may suppose
 Just what they please,
 For their own ease——
 Nine months gone by, and Madam in the straw——
 And lo, a child is born !
 Now so severe is parish law,
 The bed-rid mother must be sworn ;
 'Twas then she first produc'd the fatal card,
 Describ'd the father's tuneful voice ;
 And sent the token to St. Paul's Church Yard,
 That found him in a trice.

There is a sign——
Can aught beneath such dreadful symbols thrive?—
That represents a martyr broil'd alive*

Thither the ambassadors repair'd,
And had a pint of wine,
Waiting with their credentials to be heard.

The man of nasal warblings was at home.
But would not come;

Said he,
“ The gentlemen may come to me.”——
’Twas all the same;
They came :——

* * * * *

“ I get a child Sir! I!
“ Now that, Sir, I deny:
“ The case is clear
“ I have not got a child this twenty year!”

In vain the man might plead,
Indeed it was not him, indeed!
For as he spoke it through the nose,
It left them nothing to suppose.
And then the card!——

In vain he trumpeted and swore,
And call'd the woman Whore.

Nor oaths nor actions would avail;
They made him pay the fine; ’twas monstrous
hard!——

Now, tuneful muse, recline thy weary wing,
And cease to sing.——
Reader, here ends my Canterbury tale!

* Goose and Gridiron.

A

PARISIAN TALE.

WHEN I have got a tale to tell,
 Which might as well
 Be told in about minutes two,
 As half a year,
 My skittish muse is much dispos'd to prance
 About it and about it, like a cat
 Or kitten round a mouse or rat,
 With vast ado;
 But now, good folks, suppose yourselves in France—
 In Paris, and I'll wait upon you there,
 For there the feat, of which I mean to tell,
 Befel,
 Where folks, they say, are free.
 As we.—

Within the Fauxbourg Saint Antoine,
 Near where, extending many a rood,
 Old Despotism's fall'n temple* stood,
 The patriot virtues bleeding at her shrine,
 Her shrine with *lettres de cachet* alight,
 A horrid sight!
 But now since Freedom fair,
 Waves her bright pinions in Parisian air——
 Enough
 Of this poetic stuff.—

Beneath an old suspicious looking roof,
 That seem'd, for fear of swagg'ring blades,
 In boots, with red and blue cockades*,
 To skulk aloof,
 A nest of folks
 Were seen with downward, discontented looks!——
 A vigilant Hibernian lad hard by,
 Who lodg'd six story high,

* The Bastille. † The buckish drefs of the democrates.

Pronounced them "A rare stock o' rats!"

That is, *Aristocrats!*

For from his elevated site,

He kenn'd them all by night,

Busy, as fifty taylors on a board,

And sent the National Assembly word——

As how—a set of *rebels* fly,

That back'd the king, and ought to die,

Hung altogether in a string,

Who should in single packthread swing,

Be dragg'd from ambuscade and night,

And *a la lanterne* come to light:

Their deeds were *dark*, he *clearly* knew,

Because they were *obscure* to view.—

Thus much he ventur'd to reveal,

And to it set his hand and seal.—

Just then L^r Assemblée were in loud debate,

Arguing a knotty case,

Of vast importance to the state,

Concerning certain lace,

And buttons to the coat,

Of civic note,

Whether best worn behind, or best before ——

When *Pat's* epistle hush'd the loud uproar.—

So frets upon the fire a kettle

Of brass, or other mettle.

When nothing is put in to boil;

The vacant water keeps a ceaseless coil,

But souse a cold potatoe in the tide,

The foaming waves subside!——

The Presidential bell was rung,

And mute attention on the packet hung,

When 'twas resolv'd a trusty band should meet,

And rush impetuous on the guilty street,

To ruin level the proscrib'd *hotel*,

And hurl its rebel guests to hell!

This was the mighty MIRABEAU's decree:

The rest exclaim'd "*Ainsi soit-il*:"

No sooner said than done;

Fierce DE LA FAYETTE led them on:—

Arriv'd

Arriv'd at the devoted spot,
 With democratic fury hot,
 They burst the door,
 And rush'd up stairs with horrible uproar;
 Nor stay'd a moment to inquire
 What were the harmless objects of their ire,
 But overset.

Living or dead, whate'er they met.—
 And, having made the foe defenceless yield,
 They sought to crown their toil
 With spoil,
 That, rich in glittering *colour* strew'd the field:
 When nought save pictures, all in tatter'd bits,
 Or full of flits,

They saw,
 The worthless trophies of the war!—
 And for the captives, what were they? O dear!
 But meagre sons of paint!
 This copying some Madonna, that some saint,
Originals for *DESENFANS* to puff,
 Assisted by an English auctioneer,
 Right *Raffaelle*, *Angelo* and *Titian* stuff!
 Agoing! Sirs; agoing! gone!—
 I've done!

THE RAPE.

A TALE.

Imitated from Cervantes.

LONG since Cervantes told the story,
 I set in English guise before ye;
 Of rhyme alone I claim the credit,
 Premising hundreds never read it.—
 Our hero of the Spanish page,
 No less a man than Sancho sage,

Lo, seated Custos Rotulorum,
 A Justice of the Peace and Quorum;
 At ease in ancient elbow seat,
 With gout and flannels at his feet,
 In hall, that tapestry adorns,
 Beneath a branching pair of horns:——
 Your antlers are an emblem quaint,
 Denoting *sage*, and flannels *saint*;——
 On legislative Moses brow,
 A radiant pair for ever grow;——
 The faintly flannels indication,
 Is penitence, and resignation;
 All the corruptions of the world,
 Beneath our feet, in triumph hurl'd.
 But wicked wits there are devise
 The self-same matter contrawise——
 That gout gives man a solemn grin,
 Sign of *solemnity* within:
 And that by horns is clearly given,
 A type of cuckoldom and heaven:——
 Enough—it marks the magistrate,
 Of ghostly and of grave estate.——
 Such, and so grac'd, his worship sat,
 With pipe and friend in social chat—
 As how the arts of population
 Enhance the credit of a nation;
 As how, the labourer's annual toil
 Improves the crop, and mends the soil;
 As how——when *rat-tat* at the gate,
 His worship summon'd all his state,
 Display'd his leg upon a chair,
 And cock'd his pipe with fiercer air—
 When, lo! before the stool of truth,
 A ruddy lass, and rural youth!——
 She wailing, in most piteous case,
 Of stubborn stays—that wou'd not lace;
 Of waist, that measur'd more, I trow,
 Than Reputation's laws allow;
 Of ravishment by force and arms,
 Ascribing all that potent charms;
 That when he took her to the wake,
 And treated her with ale and cake,

He mix'd a *something* in her ale—
 She felt it afterwards prevail;
 Or all his force, and all his art,
 Had never touch'd her *better part*!
 "But make me honest by a wedding,
 And let me know a lawful bedding;
 Or curse you!—the vindictive stood—
 I'll have it out of your heart's blood!
 Till Justice has you by the nape,
 I'll swear, by book, A rape! a rape!"——
 The swain, in *Lack a daisy* fort,
 Held down his head—as sorry for't;
 And seem'd to say—Forgive him then,
 He would not do the like again.——
 Though Justice should be blind, we cry,
 'Twere well, sometimes, she'd half an eye;
 'Twas here the case: exclaim'd our Justice,
 "Least said on such a matter best is;
 A child there is, 'tis plain to see—
 The man's it may, or may not be.
 May aught for ravishment atone,
 I'll make him pay you value down."——
 So said and done a deed was drawn,
 That left him bankrupt and forlorn,
 Without a hut to hide his head in,
 Without the means of board or bedding.—
 The fatal paper seal'd and sign'd,
 That all the spoiler's spoil consign'd,
 The ravish'd lady skipp'd away,
 As spotless virgin, blithe and gay:
 When sooth to say, in Christian guise,
 The contrite sinner turn'd his eyes!
 For what he lost he made no strife,
 It freed him from the curse of life——
 Than marry such—if left to chuse,
 Jack Ketch should rather tye the noose.
 To what she swore about the fair,
 He swore the b——h seduc'd him there.
 For what she felt, he could not say,
 But sure she kiss'd him all the way!
 "Ha!" cry'd the magistrate, "proceed;
 She kiss'd you first?"——"She did indeed!"

"Indeed!"

" Indeed!—this quite subverts the case;
 And now the matter clears apace—
 Yourself go stop her at the door,
 And make her that same deed restore;"
 As well might child the winds withhold,
 Or rob the Bank of all its gold:
 Collected in her *right* she stood,
 And threat'ned him with bruise and blood;
 Than lose her *right*, she'd lose her life,
 And dar'd him to athletic strife!
 The man stood trembling with dismay,
 Till *Justice* overheard the fray,
 Both back into his presence prest,
 And thus the Amazon addrest—
 " You should have been thus brave before,
 Or less a vixen at my door;
 Half this had shielded every harm,
 From savage force, or chemic charm:
 Your valour has your worth outwitted—
 Restore the bond—the man's acquitted!"

THE

QUAKER AND THE BARN.

WHEN old Methuselah gave up the ghost,
 And fought his fathers, in the silent tomb,
 He left Aminadab to rule the roast,
 And wing'd his soul away to kingdom come.

Scarcely had Death his glimm'ring eyelids clos'd,
 'The latent ebb of life compos'd,
 When master Broadbrim, like a hopeful heir,
 Por'd o'er his father's will, and dropt the onion'd tear.

Onion's a very useful thing,
 Rapt in a muslin handkerchief so white!
 To draw the tear from etiquette's soft spring,
 At funerals—a pretty fight—

And much in vogue with mutes and undertakers;
Whose frothy sorrows foam, like ocean's breakers.

Thus young Aminadab, in Irish knell,
O'er father's corse; and will " 'gan yearn;"
When, lo! a gift of half a Barn
To Hezekiah,

Stopt short at once the dismal yell,
And made his glist'ning eyeballs glow with ire.

Who'er has felt blythe Cupid's golden dart,
Tipt with that Mohawk Jealousy's curst poison,
Won't wonder our young Squire should start!
To fix his willow weeping eyes on
A gift to neighbour Hezekiah,
Who had just robb'd his arms of prim Miss Dinah.

Howe'er, he plaited o'er his frantic face,
'Tho' most tremendously against the grain,
And vented passion with a grace,
When father safely in the ground was lain:

Writing a billet to his rival,
(Which, to be sure, was wondrous civil)
He told him, in a stile so warm,
" Friend Hez, I find part of a Barn,
Has been bequeath'd thee by my honour'd fire—
I therefore trust thy stars will be so kind,
As to give thee a western wind,
When of the eastern part I make a fire!

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TRUE TALE.

THERE lives an Alderman of great renown;
Whose first ambition is a sumptuous dinner;
And, while fair Justice marks him as her own,
He seldom makes a foe of saint or sinner:
But, tho' in joints as nimble as the fox,
His cheeks are like the buttocks of an ox!

In short, he is esteem'd a jovial soul—
An epicure in honesty and feasting;
And still, when seated o'er the social bowl,
Is deem'd the life of merriment and jesting:
While every party is accounted dull,
Without the company of Justice Bull.

His brother, like the cankerworm of fate,
Had linger'd long, on couch of sorrow pining;
Indeed, he was so very poor in state,
As ne'er to know the luxury of dining:
But weak, and weaker, ev'ry hour he grew;
A dwarf, in person, and in soul—a Jew!

The Justice sent enquiries for his health,
Once ere he went to dine by invitation;
Not with a view of fawning for his wealth,
But lest th' omission should be deem'd transgression.
And soon the messenger, with piteous breath,
Reveal'd the tidings of his brother's death!

Heart-struck, with disappointment and dismay,
His mighty spirit, deep entranc'd in wonder,
Held silence long; but when the storm found way,
His rage was like the full-ton'd voice of thunder:
He curs'd PERSEPHONE, and all the train
Of death-hounds that attend her gloomy reign.

“ When I had swallow’d pills against my will,
 For three days past, of nature most cathartic,
 That of good eating I might have my fill,
 Nor dread the danger of an after paunch ache;
 Then Destiny’s damn’d frost, to put a stop
 To every budding promise of my hope!

By heav’n I’ll not attend him to the goal!
 A wretch!” he cry’d, “ so destitute of reason!
 Gods! I could execrate his shrivell’d soul!
 To shrink from nature’s course at such a season!
 He might have staid till Saturday at least;
 For Friday is the Corporation feast!

THE
 LOUSIAD.

CANTO IV.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT’s blush, and RUSSEL’s smiles,
 AURORA peep’d upon the first of Isles;
 And lo, to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
 Uprose the Sun, and uprose G. THE THIRD,
 Who left his Queen so charming, and her room,
 To talk of hounds and horses with the Groom.

Say, MUSE, what! not *one* cloud with low’ring looks,
 To gloom compassion on the heads of Cooks?
 What! not *one* solitary omen sent;
 Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event?

On

On CATO's danger, clouds of ev'ry shape
 Hung on the firmament their dismal crape :
 AURORA wept, poor girl, with sorrow big ;
 And PHOEBUS rose without his golden wig !
 But now the skies their usual manners lost,
 The sun and moon, and all the starry host !
 No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
 And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings ;
 No horses neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd so stout ;
 No sheep, like sheep be-devill'd, ran about ;
 No lightnings flash'd, no thunder deign'd to growl ;
 No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl ;
 No jackass bray'd affright ; no ghost 'gan wail ;
 No comet threaten'd empires with his tail ;
 No witches, wildfy screaming, rode the broom ;
 No pewter platters danc'd about the room,
 Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
 As though the omens all were really dead ;
 As unregarded (what a horrid slur !)
 As though the Monarch meant to shave a cur !

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came
 Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,
 The wives and daughters of those Cooks forlorn
 Whose luckless heads were threaten'd to be shorn :
 Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each had,
 To cheer their husbands, pour'd the boastful Band !
 Thus, when the ancient Britons rush'd to battle,
 Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle ;
 Encouraging their husbands in the fray,
 For fear some pale-nos'd rogues might run away :
 O glorious act !—repelling coward fear.—
 Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of Ladies star'd the Cooks,
 And seem'd to shew hair-ruin in their looks.
 Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
 Much hist'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read !
 What though no bigger than a button-hole,
 Yet what a wondrous window to the soul !
 The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 In lively colours are depicted here !

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS springs,
 RAMUS, call'd *Billy* by the best of Kings;
 Who much of razors and of soapfuds knows,
 Well skill'd to take Great CÆSAR by the nose :
 Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a trusty Page,
 Who often puts great Statesmen in a rage ;
 Poor LORDS ; compell'd against their will to wait,
 Though ass-like laden with affairs of State,
 Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes
 On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots !

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
 Familiar, easy, for affection meet !
 Thus formal *Patriek* is transform'd to *Paddy* !
 And *Father*, by the children christen'd *Daddy* :
 And OLIVER, who could e'en *Kings* control,
 By many a thousand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didst thou ever see a ghost ?
 If so thou stoodest staring, like a post :
 Thus did the COOKS on BILLY RAMUS stare,
 Whose frightful presence porcupin'd each hair.
 Now enter'd SECKER*—and now thus he spoke :—
 “ This Louse affair's a very pretty joke !
 “ Arn't you asham'd of it, you dirty dogs ?—
 “ Zounds ! have you all been sleeping with the hogs ?
 “ But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,
 “ Bald as so many coots before 'tis night.
 “ No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain :
 “ When Monarchs order, who shall dare complain ?”
 Now from the female Band, a HEROINE rav'd
 “ G—d curse me, if my husband shall be shav'd ;
 “ You shan't, you shan't the fellow's head disgrace—
 “ I say, the man shall sooner lose his place.
 “ *Wigs*, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—
 “ And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate.”—
 “ How, IMPUDENCE !” the wrathful SECKER cry'd,
 With horror staring, and a mouth yard-wide—
 “ Where, where's my stick, my cane, my whip, my
 switch ?
 “ Who taught rebellion t'ye, you faucy B— ?”

* Late Clerke of the Kitchen.

" *Myself*," with hands akembow cry'd the Dame—
 " I tell ye, Mister SECKER, 'tis a shame—
 " I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,
 " To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.
 " *Bitch* too, forsooth! the language of a hog!
 " If I'm a Bitch, then *somebody's* a Dog."

Now all th' internal man of SECKER boil'd—
 From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd:
 Now, resolution-fraught, he wish'd to stick her,
 Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.
 But PRUDENCE in that very moment came,
 And sweetly whisper'd to the man of flame—
 " Fie, SECKER! kick a *woman*! SECKER, fie!
 " On matter more sublime, thy prowess try—
 " No glory springs from kicking wives of Cooks.
 " Strive to surpass great Kings in binding books;
 " Transcend great Kings in forcing stubborn kine
 " To breakfast on horse-chestnuts, sup, and dine;
 " In educating pigs, be thou as deep;
 " And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.
 " Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:
 " Go, breed for lady-cows the bravest bull;
 " Tow'r o'er the scepter'd GREAT in fat of lambs,
 " And rise a rival in the breed of rams.—
 " These be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,
 " Whose beam, a bonfire round a Monarch glows.
 " Surpass in charity towards the Poor;
 " Nor bully starving MERIT from the door.
 " Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant:
 " What though the wealthy Great a *taste* may want,
 " Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining MERIT,
 " Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit,
 " The *fool* may lift the MOURNER from the tomb,
 " And bid the buried seeds of GENIUS bloom.
 " Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
 " To look on humble WORTH, might bid her shine:
 " Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,
 " Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,
 " Call into note a thousand trembling rays,
 " And share the merit of the mingled blaze.

" The

" The Great should sun-like bid their treasures flow,
 " Whose beams wide-spreading no distinction know;
 " But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe;
 " And light at once a system and a pipe."

Thus PRUDENCE spoke, when SECKER to the DAME
 Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.

Now storm'd a *second* Heroine from the band,
 Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a stand—

" I say, TOM shan't be shav'd—he shan't—he shan't,—

" Leek porridge, stirabout, we'll sooner want;

" We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;

" Cry mackrel, or sing ballads through the street;

" Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,

" Sooner than TOM, poor soul, his locks shall lose.

" Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?

" THOMAS, I say, shan't lose his locks, poor Dear!

" Shav'd too! 'cause people happen to be *poor*—

" I never heard of such a trick before.

" *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a Cook—

" Go, ask your MASTER if he'd shave a *Duke*.

" No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curst:

" No, SECKER, he would eat the razor first.

" Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—

" Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?

" What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks

" Because *a* han't ten millions in the stocks?

" Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow

" A di'mond petticoat, to make a show?

" Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—

" Any thing's good enough for humble folk:

" Shov'd here and there, forsooth; call'd dog and
 b—,

" God blefs us well, because we are not rich.

" People will soon be beat about with sticks,

" Forsooth, because they han't a coach and fix.

" *A* shan't be shav'd, and I'm his lawful wife:

" The man was never lousy in his life.

" *Ax* what his *Mother* says—his nearest kin—

" Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,

" But

“ But when *a* had the measles and small pox ”
 “ What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks?
 “ ‘ She never in her life-time saw (*she* says)
 “ ‘ A tidier, cleaner lad, in all her days—
 “ ‘ And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,
 “ ‘ A finer boy was never seen with *eyes*!”
 “ So, MISTER SECKER, let’s have no more *louse*—
 “ Hunt further for the owner of the louse.
 “ Sir, ’tis a burning *shame*, I’m bold to say,
 “ To take poor people’s character away.
 “ Who knows the varmine is n’t your own, *odsfish*!
 “ You’re fond of peeping into ev’ry dish.”

Again of SECKER boil’d th’ internal man;
 Thought urging thought, again to rage began;
 Huge thoughts of diff’rent sizes swell’d his soul;
 Now mounting high, now sinking low, they roll;
 Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about;
 So wild the mob, so terrible the rout!
 How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,
 With turneps thick surrounded all so hot!
 Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,
 Tumultous, jostling, how they rush around!
 Now *up* the turneps mount with skins of snow,
 While restless lab’ring MUTTON dives below—
 Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
 While TURNIP downwards plunges ’mid the deep!
 Strange such resemblances in things should *lie*!
 But what escapes the *Poet’s* piercing eye?
 Just like the *Sun*—for what escapes his *ray*,
 Who darts on deepest shade the golden day?

Muse, let us pause a moment—here we see
 A woman, certainly of low degree,
 Reviling *folk* of elevated station;
 Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.
 Should sweet SUBORDINATION chance to die,
 Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men so high;
 Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail,
 Who knows no difference between head and tail;
 Then Majesty, the lofty nose who lifts,
 With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;

To

To darn her stockings, from her height descend;
 Which now are giv'n to MACKENTHUN* to mend—
 Turn her fair fingers into vulgar *paws*,
 And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
 Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inspire,
 And sceptres stuff'd like faggots, in the fire.
 Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,
 When female Majesty shall wash her smocks:
 Such humbled grandeur let me never see:
 Soapfuds and Sov'reignty but ill agree:
 Malkin, and Majesty, but ill accord:
 Rubbers and Royalty, are kin abhorr'd!
 Strange union! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat;
 A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;
 A great Archbishop, and an Undertaker;
 The Muse of Epic, and a riddle-maker;
 A roaring King in tragedy sublime;
 And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;
 The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
 Firm in the fair support of Freedom's cause;
 And that same Lord, behind the scenes, a snail,
 Who, crawling, of an actress holds the tail;
 MARCHESI on the stage with steel and plume,
 And that MARCHESI in a Lady's room;
 Sir JOSEPH†, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
 Who thund'ring breaks of sleep the opiate charm,
 And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a simple look,
 Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came Prudence, quaker-looking *form*,
 Sweet humour'd Goddess, to suppress the storm,
 Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
 Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;
 Compressing thus a thousand iron words,
 Sharp ev'ry soul of them as points of swords:
 But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin;
 Who own'd the Goddess, and but gave a grin.

* A Lady attendant on the Princesses.

† Sir JOSEPH BANKS. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,
 If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career;
 Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
 And with dexterity his hand applies!
 In vain the liquor bustles 'mid the dome;
 John quells all fury, and subdues the foam!
 Now rose the MAJOR—"Mister SECKER—Sir,
 "You make in this affair a pretty stir!
 "'Twere doubtless a fine present in a *box*,
 "To offer to our sovereign Lord, the locks:
 "Some *vast* reward would follow to be sure;
 "A pretty little, sweet, snug *sinecure*.
 "Yes—MASTER SECKER well can play his cards:
 "Sublime achievements, claim sublime rewards.
 "I humbly do presume, Sir, that his *Grace*
 "Has promis'd ye a warm Exciseman's place;—
 "*Some folks are Jacks-in office*, fond of power!"
 Thus spoke the Cook, like vinegar so sour.
 "No matter, Master Major, what I get;
 "All that I know, is this, your heads shall sweat:
 "I'll see the business done, depend upon't—
 "I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't:
 "Yes, Master DIXON, you shall know who's who—
 "Which is the better gemman, I or you."
 Thus answers SECKER to the man of woes,
 And points his satire with a cock'd-up nose.
 Scarce had he utter'd, when a noise was heard;
 And now behold a motley band appear'd;
 With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
 Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the best of Kings!
 And lo, the best of Queens must see the fun;
 And lo, the Princesses so beauteous run;
 And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too;
 Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!
 But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
 The world would lose a *leg*, to please a spite.

And now for PEACE did SECKER bawl aloud;
 And lo, PEACE came at once among the croud.
 In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
 "Silence," the cryer calls, and all is mum—

" Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
 " Attend, and learn our Monarch's will from *me*.
 " Our Sov'reign Lord the King, whose word is fate,
 " Wills in his wisdom to see shav'd each pate:
 " Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
 " And let each Barber fall upon his sconce."—
 Thus thunder'd SECKER with a MARS-like face,
 And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
 Thus roar'd ACHILLES 'mid the martial fray,
 When ev'ry frightened Trojan ran away.

Calm was the croud, when *thus* the King of Isles,
 Firm for the shave, but yet with kingly smiles—
 " You must be shav'd—you shall, you must indeed:
 " No, no, I sha'nt let slip a single head—
 " A very filthy nasty, dirty trick—
 " The thought on't turns my stomach—makes me
 sick.
 " Louse—louse—a nasty thing, a louse I hate:—
 " No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.
 " One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—
 " I'll have no more—no more, I'll have no more."

Thus spoke the King, like ev'ry king who gives
 To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
 Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
 Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
 Bright SOL sublimes, and gives them golden wings,
 The cloud on which *some* lay, the *Cherub* sings.

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

LORD MACARTNEY,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* King,
Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at SAINT JAMES's done ;
At House of BUCKINGHAM, in RICHMOND bow'rs,
At KEW, and lastly WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
Rich scenes at once of *Majesty* and *Fun*;

Forget not *thou* the *Camp* on BAGSHOT HEATH,
Where met the grimly regiments of death ;

Where not the DEV'L their rage sublime could
damp—
Though HEAV'N, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG—
Delicious subjects for the Epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-descended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
When bold REBELLION through the nation ran ;
Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
That lo! the *mighiest Monarch* was *but Man*!

Such foldiers! such rare gen'als! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons;
Where, though those men like bacon all were smoak'd,
Not *one*, by God's good providence, was *choak'd*.

Of RICHMOND's mighty chieftain, RICHMOND speak—

“ Now wet, a riding dishclout,” shalt thou say—

“ Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,

“ So val'rous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray!”

Talk to KIEN LONG about His GRACE's *soul*;

What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole!

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,

By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks disgrac'd;

That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—

Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,

That want a window and a broom,

To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,

On FORTUNE how with fierce contempt I scowl!

She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,

And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,

And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—

Thus crawls the TOAD amid the fairest flow'rs,

And with the LILY drinks the dews of morn.

But royal RICHMOND honours exaltation—

The pole-star of our military nation.

How pleasant then to see a RICHMOND rise!

Friend of a KING, and *fav'rite* of the SKIES!

Charles*, to support a bastard and a wh—,

Impos'd a tax on coals, that starv'd the poor :

Those *sans-culottes* men made the saddest din!

But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil*!

This deed of CHARLES is now a *white-wash'd* Devil—

Lo, RICHMOND casts a lustre round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,

He sniggles *modest* MERIT from her hole!

* King of England, whose Mistress was a French woman, the great, great, and illustrious Ancestor of his present GRACE.

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend ?
 See ADMIRATION to his virtues bend ;
 And lo, the scar-clad VETERAN adores !
 While GLORY humbly kneeling to the skies,
 With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
 A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that His Grace, ambitious of a name,
 Is ever angling to catch Martial Fame :
 And say too, how most fortunate the Duke,
 What noble fishes hang upon his hook ;
 Whilst *bumbler* mortals, lab'ring day and night,
 Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of VIRTUE is heav'n's *dew*,
 That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue—
 In VICE's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills :
 'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
 A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
 That NATURE's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your God,
 That RICHMOND holds the military rod ;
 No *Janus* he, with *selfish* views to *job*,
 And touch the Nation's pocket with a job*.

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
 Talk of the bold transactions of the Peer ;
 And say, what probably he cant' believe,
 That lo, the dauntless body of His Grace,
 In duels bor'd, has scarcely one sound place—
 A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve !

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check ;
 Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
 Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
 Thus VALOUR smiles at danger, death, and pain,
 And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
 Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear !

* Witness the *convenient* house and gardens near Plymouth Dock,
 so *economically* built with the Public Money. The annals of honour
 furnish us not with a sublimer instance of *self-denial*.

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale ;
Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale ;

Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw ;
Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe ;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire*.

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admira-
tion—
So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look,
To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day !
Nothing to pay !

All the Duke's friends, great quality and small ;
Our great King GEORGE, and lovely Queen,
Were entertain'd scot-free, I ween—
Our generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

And yet, when PARLIAMENT beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This game of soldiers, such a *childish* play—
But let *me* answer PARLIAMENT, and say,
It was not *childish*, FOR IT PLEAS'D THE KING—

It made TOM PAYNE, the bull-dog, hold his tongue ;
Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long !

Say, that the sun-like Duke shone forth so bright,
That PUNCH ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.

* This is a literal fact.

Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder ;
 Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
 Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
 Defying the *bold* THUNDER to roar louder !

Say, that immortal CÆSAR * trod the place
 Now fiercely gallop'd over by His Grace.

Say, that the GONS beheld him from on high—
 That to the Lord of battles†, with a sigh,
 Thus spoke the MONARCH of the clouds—" Son
 MARS,

" Had TROY possess'd a hero like the Duke,
 " With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,
 " Our City had been safe amidst her wars.

" Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the DUKE,
 " And beg a lesson from the HERO's book."

Lord ! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
 Was so inspir'd, so val'rous, and so hot ;
 How had this Duke the sons of battle sham'd,
 'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg'd with
shot !

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
 Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
 Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
 Smutty as blacksmiths look'd the heav'nly Pow'rs ;
 And that the MAN of *straw*‡ (a thought how bright !)
 Flew up, and put their GODSHIPS in a fright !

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
 That, at the distance of a mile,

* JULIUS CÆSAR was most certainly at BAGSHOT.

† MARS.

‡ It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their Majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story—It was quite a *new* idea.

HIS GRACE, a skull that powder wants, can note;
(Which, when it happens, let that skull beware)
See too a club with *one* disorder'd hair,
And mark *one* spot of grease upon a coat.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly unchaste,
'Till RICHMOND usher'd in the morn of taste;

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame*;
That *private* only damns a noble name.

Thus the poor NYMPH, too easy to contend,
Who blushing sins in secret with a friend,
Shall be a viler hussy than the woman
Who hangs her lips like cherries out for sale,
And shews her bosom's lilies to regale
Each grazing beast that offers—quite a COMMON.

“ Why should I say all this unto the King ?”
Thou cryest, O MACARTNEY.—Good may spring :
It may unto thine embassy give weight,
By putting great KIEN LONG into a fright.

“ Who knows,” KIEN LONG may whine with rue-
ful face,

“ But all the rank and file are like H s GRACE—

“ Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne :

“ For troops like RICHMOND, that on valour feast,

“ May, like wild meteors, pour into mine East.

“ And leave my palace neither stick nor stone ;

“ Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—

“ In Britain breakfast, and in China sup.”

* The Reader is desired to ask Lord LAUDERDALE concerning this matter.

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
 Success attend our COURT's delightful whim;
 And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
 With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
 Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
 And greet of CHINA the Imperial Lord.

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at CANTON:
 I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation gun;
 I see thy streamers wanton in the gale;
 I see the fallow natives crowd the shore,
 I see them tremble at thy royal roar;
 I see the very MANDARINES turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Cou-chin-chou,
 So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow;
 Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-c hung-
 chan;
 Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raise;
 Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
 With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
 Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
 Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
 And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-fi, O croak from pools of green;
 Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene;
 Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig;
 Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pasture prance;
 Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance:
 And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
 The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,

All

All proudly rolling to PEKIN's fair town;
And lo, arriv'd, I see the Emp'ror stare,
Deep marv'ling at a sight so xery rare;
And now, ye Gods; I see the EMP'ROR *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror say,
" Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray ?"
And now I hear aloud MACARTNEY cry,
" EMP'ROR, my COURT, inform'd that you were
rich,
" Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
" Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;
" With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
" And gimcracks rare for China-Man and Tartar.
" But presents, presents are the things we mean:
" Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious QUEEN*,
" Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger
" Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
" A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
" That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.

" Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
" These give not half the toil we find in trade."—
On which th' astonish'd Emp'ror cries, " Odsfish!
" Presents!—present the rogues th' Bastinade."—

Stern RESOLUTION's eye, that flash'd with fate,
At danger cowering, wears a wither'd look;
Palsy'd his finewy arm, where vengeance fate,
Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—
His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread MACARTNEY stare;
Behold him seiz'd, his feat of honour bare;
The bamboo sounds—alas! no voice of Fame:
Stripp'd, schoolboy-like, and now I see his Train,
I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his LORDSHIP's, blush with blood and
shame.

Ah!

Ah! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
 And collar blue, around their pretty necks?
 Ah! what the *epaulettes*, that roast the eye,
 And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex*?
 Heav'ns! If KIEN LONG resolves upon their stripping,
 These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
 I see the mighty EMP'ROR gravely place
 Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—
 And now I hear the solemn EMP'ROR say,
 " 'Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay;
 " Now, children, ye may all go home agn."

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,
 How in old England wilt thou show thy face?
 I fear thy visage will be wond'rous long.
 Know, it may happen—Ministers and Kings,
 Like common folk, are fallible—poor things
 Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd—
 Lo, like a Cheshire cat our COURT will grin!
 How glad to find as many gems on board,
 As will not leave thee room to stick a pin!

EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

Hunc tu Romane caveto
Hic niger est

B LIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?
Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?—
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?—
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest feat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.

Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?—
Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the Son!

Yes—thou most gen'rous Youth, thy hostile art
Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN's Heart!
Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the realms around!
To make snug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—

Base

Base throng, that through PALMYRA's Temple digs,
To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with R-LLE;
Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R----, (to thee though dear)
The name abhorr'd by HONOUR's shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How cou'dst thou bid *that* R-LLE, despis'd by all,
On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall:
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the * FAIR ONE's Friend?
Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle?
O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive—
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide—
In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide—
Thou and thy Imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil!—I see his ORB superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the fable mass.

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on
Mrs. F---h-----t in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

O ----! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
 And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
 HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
 Hatch'd by the base r-b——n of thy heart,
 That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
 To pour a dire contagion through the state.
She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
 And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;
 Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
 To break upon the wheel a happy Isle;
 Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
 Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder!
 Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends
 On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
 See BUTE's mean Parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
 Whose Argus' eyes of av'rice never sleep;
 A close State leech, who, sticking to the nation,
 As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
 Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
 Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
 Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh;
 Asham'd her hand should usher into light
 What Fate should overwhelm with everlasting night!

Loft by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID*,
 Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
 Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
 Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom;
 Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
 Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
 Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
 At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
 How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
 He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
 Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
 And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
 At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!
 Such are thy Colleagues*, O thou patriot Boy!
 Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
 Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
 To fasten on the vitals of the State!
 Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
 Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee, ---, the Muse had sworn,
 That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,
 Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
 And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,
 Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?
 Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
 The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
 Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
 May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse——
 From sweet society behold him torn,
 Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
 The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song*——
 But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
 To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
 And thus the Daughter of the BLUE EY'D MAID*,
 In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,
 “ O PETER? eldest born of PHOEBUS, hear——

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

† Minerva.

“ Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw
 “ Of that gaunt, hungry savage christ’ned LAW——
 “ Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,
 “ To mix a little oft’ner with thy metre——
 “ Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE’s smile pursues,
 “ To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

“ Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;
 “ Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre—
 “ Thy head may then be crown’d with WARTON’s
 bay’s,
 “ And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire.”

“ PRUDENCE,” quoth I, “ indeed—indeed I can’t—
 “ Don’t ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!”

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
 DAME PRUDENCE answer’d, bridling up her chin——
 “ Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious Pigeon!
 “ Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich——
 “ Know that thou’lt die like beggars in a ditch——
 “ Know, too, that Hunger is of no religion.

“ Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
 “ Like POPE, and let the stanza glow
 “ With praise of *Messieurs* PITT* and Co.,
 “ The present worthy Rulers of the Nation.”

With purs’d-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
 Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;
 Who, with politeness seldom running o’er,
 For inspiration scratch’d his tuneful scone,
 To please DAME ORACLE, for once——
 A DAME, some say, he never saw before.

* He was bred up a whig,
 But with Nabobs to thrive, Sir,
 Who have votes in the house,
 About two out of five, Sir,
 He gave up the people.
 And vow’d, to his scandal,
 They should seek for their bread
 Without day-light or candle! C. M.

IMITA-

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs PITT and CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
 What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?
 What high and mighty name that all adore?
 What ministerial wight that bribes each CIT,
 Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
 And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
 That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,
 To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
 To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,
 Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
 And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall DORNFORD*, king of wine, and mum, and
 perry,
 Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY†;
 Two sages who, in diff'rent places born,
 CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
 The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
 Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE;
 And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
 Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,
 Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
 Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
 So prudent, numbers each Bank note and jewel!

* Famous for sticking his counting-house full of texts of Scripture, and lately advertiing for a Porter who feared God and could carry 500 weight!

† An oratorical Stationer of Guildhall memory.

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass——

Nor, SWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;
Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping Coblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C----N* takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT;
And TH----w, too, whom none but PITT could
tame,

Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle——
No longer now JOB's war horse snorting flame;
But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose——
Poor CH--C-LLOR* will make no riot——
Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,
And pleas'd he eats his oat and hay in quiet!
This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's coach along,
And raise the wonder of the million!
Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;
Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt——
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wrigling to the Hanoverian guards,
Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,

* Learned derivation for money, a term well known upon Saf-
ron-hill. P.

† The name of the horse.

Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's* good.

We'll sing, too, Master R-LLE, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
To bear the MINISTER—to be his afs——
Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to salute,
And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord——
Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beaft;
So hath our Lord, Squire PITT, upon my word,
Op'd MASTER R-LLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM† beat——
A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul——
For BALAAM's Jackass made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R-----.

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death,
Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath
With Brother CORNWALL in the self-same year——
A downright bear!
Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,
Not spend his money like a f---?

We too might sing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH ‡! peerless in the fat'ning line.

We too may BRUDENELL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;
Follow'd him, spaniel like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place
Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brudswick's Genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's Brother!

† Balaam's Country Seat.

‡ Sir J—h Maubey the distiller, who acquires annually more than 1000 added to the longest tailed g which a school-boy can make, and that by what is in abomination to the Jews. S.

But

But when it came to pass His HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER like, deny'd him!

We'll sing LORD GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd, away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat
So small, it scarcely threw a ray——
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame——
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK!
Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour croust**.

Or, Muse suppose we sing the SP--KER's wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
Which to a headpiece, scarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,
When through the chaos of the house he bawls
For ORDER that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor GR----LLE's head,
Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!——
Again—its lining hap'neth to be lead——
Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:
And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certes* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig,
A very promising, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely tree,
And what those parents dear would also suit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after——
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Me-
diterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their
courage for a massacre of the poor Turks. X. Y.

Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand——
And such the mighty Conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
Upon the BEDCHAMBER's* most idle IMPS——
Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together just like social shrimps;
Regardless who the State Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So thy, like moths, may flutter life away!

PITT shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor INCURABLES* the school;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
As meanly think of HASTINGS and the -----!
On di'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O LADY! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT!
'This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
Will turn out most extraordinary folk!

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
Each with the other vastly taken;
Make, when they chuse, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms just like bacon!

* So idle indeed that they most severely dread Tommy Paine and all his reforming disciples. T.

† Impudence without example, to compare B-d-m to so august an assembly. S.

THUS.

THUS having finish'd, PRUDENCE, with a stare,
Exclaim'd, " Rank irony—thou wicked Poet."—

Quoth I, " My little Presbyterian Fair,

" I know it."—

" Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,

" When will this stupid world be wise?"

" Ah! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,

" And like BUCEPHALUS, the famous, knelt

" To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,

" He might have ambled prettily along,

" And very rarely felt his Rider's thong—

" Just now and then a gentle smack,

" T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,

" And with such dignity bestrode him.

" Yes—had HIS HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to stoop,

" With *beav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,

" Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,

" And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!"

ODE XII. Lib. I. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa *lyra* vel *aeri*

Tibia sumes celebrare, *Clio*?

Quem deum? *cujus* recinet *jocosa*

Nomen *imago*,

Aut in *umbrosis* *Heliconis* *oris*,

Aut super *Pindo*, *gelidove* in *Hæmo*?

Unde *vocalem* temere *insequutæ*

Orphea *sylvæ*,

Arte *materna* *rapidos* *morantem*

Fluminum *lapsus*, *celeresque* *ventos*,

Blandum & *auritas* *fidibus* *canoris*

Ducere *quercus*.

Quid

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.*

*Prælius audax neque te filebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa,
Phæbe, sagitta.*

*Dicam & Alceiden; puerosque Lede,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnīs
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,*

*Destruit saxis agitatus humor:
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes:
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.*

*Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.*

*Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
Gratus insigni referam Camæna,
Fabriciumque.*

*Hunc, & incomitis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.*

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes*

Julium

*Julium fidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.*

*Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno; tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.*

*Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subiectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos:*

*Te minor latum reget equas orbem:
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.*

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
A scavenger and K--g's the same to me.

THE BARD who, fill'd with Friendship's purest fire,
Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muse's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd* his heart——

* Here the LYRIC BARD hath cause of triumph—by means of a few hints, the close fist of Royal Economy hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, greater things are likely to be accomplished; such is the power of song!

Ungrateful

Ungrateful Prince! like most of modern times,
 Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
 The BARD with wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
 Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,
 Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
 Ambassadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
 Who in *their* country, (such a timid thing!)
 Was never known to *whisper* to a king:
 The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
 And boldly oracles to princes pour,
 Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
 To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
 "Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror said.
 More rev'renc'd let a *greater* Conj'ror say,
 "Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day*.
 Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
 When of your plumage stripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
 You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
 And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
 That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
 Like scepter'd Jove, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

S I R J O S E P H.

Well! what's *November's** gloomy month or hour?
 The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

P E T E R.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
 Perchance your honours may no more return!
 Think what a host of enemies you make!
 What feeling mind would be a BULL at stake?
 Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn:
 Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?
 Who'd be a BEAR that grasps his club with pride
 With which his *Dancing Master* drubs his hide?
 None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant'st fool
 Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

* On the thirtieth of November the President is annually elected.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair——resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive
But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!——but, my friend, 'twould be a black No-
vember,

To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;

Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat*,

Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:

Just like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book,

Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,

When Mr. President, with mastiff air,

Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,

And more than flesh and blood can well endure!

Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:

Return like CINCINNATUS, country squire:

Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors

With appletree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;

And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,

How gnats† can make a cuckold of a fig.

Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please

And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these*:

* The President always wears his hat.

† See the Natural History of the Fig, by Van Stroom.

Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm;
 With loves of lobsters, oyfters, crabs, alarm;
 And tell them how like *ours*, the females woo'd,
 By kissing, people all the realms of mud:
 Thus, tho' proud LONDON dares refuse you fame,
 The Towns of LINCOLNSHIRE shall raise your name,
 Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
 And bid Sir JOSEPH on their signposts swing.

S I R J O S E P H.

No! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
 Till Fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

P E T E R.

And yet, Sir Joseph, fame reports you stole
 To Fortune's topmast through the *lubber-hole**.
 Think of the men, whom Science so reveres!
 HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
 LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUR-
 TON,——

S I R J O S E P H.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
 Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
 And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

P E T E R.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
 To bid the journals with their labours shine,
 And yield a glorious splendor to the page,
 Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
 Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs
 The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
 And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorse,
 The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
 See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude control;
 Jove's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl†.

* A part of the ship well-known to seamen, just above the futtock shrouds.

† Vide Shakspeare.

S I R J O S E P H.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've stargazers enough;
 I now look round for diff'rent kind of stuff;
 Besides—*untitled* members are mere swine;
 I wish for *princes* on my list to shine;
 I'll have a company of stars and strings;
 I'll have a proud society of *kings*!
 I'll have no miserable squeal tomtit,
 Whilst Fortune offers pheasants to my spit!
 For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry—
 No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

P E T E R.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
 Old Women show of gingerbread their ware!
 King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
 Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
 King SOLOMON so great in all his glory,
 The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story!
 The Grannies these display with doting eyes;
 Delighted see them all the Louts surprise;
 Whilst no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or small,
 Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by fate
 Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
 I grant that pride and insolence appear
 Where purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a year.
 Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
 Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
 High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
 Pert, foppish, whiffing, flutt'ring butterflies!
 Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
 In pity to their poverty of mind,
 Around them treasure bountifully shed,
 Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

S I R J O S E P H.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
 Philosophers my soul with horror rend;
 Whene'er

Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
 Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb?
 I loathe the arts—the universe may know it——
 I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
 To these two ears, a bear MARCHESI* growls,
 MARA* and BILLINGTON* a brace of owls.
 To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
 I hate the company that can *instruct* me;
 I wish to imitate my King, so *nice*,
 Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice!
 Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
 That dares be wiser than himself, good man!

P E T E R.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
 Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
 Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
 And with the philosophic Speaker rise;
 Just like a spider brush'd by SUSAN's broom,
 That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
 Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
 Condemn'd to sneak away behind a chair.

S I R J O S E P H.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
 My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake;
 My sure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *host*.

P E T E R.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast!
 Ven'son's a CÆSAR in the fiercest fray:
 Turtle an ALEXANDER in its way:
 And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,
 Mutton's a most successful Mediator!
 So much superior is the stomach's smart
 To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
 E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
 Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs to feed on beef.

* Celebrated Singers upon the Stage and at the Opera.

S I R J O S E P H.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
 Have found an easy pass to people's souls :
 My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
 Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
 The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
 Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind;
 Besides, whilst thus I boast my Sov'reign's smile,
 Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

P E T E R.

Alas! Sir Joseph! grant the KING you please,
 Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy sees;
 A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
 Though no man ever got a six-pence by it;
 Yet of our lucky island, *certain* KINGS,
 Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
 And though with many a wren you make him blest,
 And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
 And many a monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
 And many a flea and beetle on a pin:
 And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
 To make his butcher member, and his hind;
 It is not *he*, with Polyphemus stare,
 And stern command, perpetuates the Chair!
 I know that disaffection taints the throng,
 And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

S I R J O S E P H.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
 What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say;
 Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
 The world's free brush deals damnably in shade.

P E T E R.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcase squat,
 " Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
 " Whose eye could NATURE's darkest veil pervade,
 " And, sun-like, view the solitary MAID;
 " Pursue the Wand'rer through each secret maze,
 " And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?

" When

“ When to the chair BANKS forc’d his bold ascent,
“ He crawl’d a *bug* upon the *monument*.”

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them! —

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
I have not mention’d half the people say: —
Thus then again, “ He beats the bears, so rude,
“ With bulldog aspect, and with brains of mud:
“ His words, like stones for pavements, make us
start;
“ Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
“ Who for importance all his lungs employs,
“ And thinks that words, like drums, were made for
noise,
“ A fellow so unqualified to shine!
“ Who never to the Journals gave a line;
“ But into SWEDEN cast a fox-like look,
“ And caught GOOSE DRYANDER to write his book*.
“ Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
“ So fought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
“ Resembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
“ Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,
“ Buy children up to melt the trav’ler’s eye,
“ And from his pocket call the charity.

“ Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
“ A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle’s wing,
“ Shall to a FELLOW’s dignity succeed!
“ Witness Lord CHATHAM and his *piss-a-bed* †!
“ How had he pow’rs to muster up the face
“ To ask a PRESIDENT’s important place?

* A most important Birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

† *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion*. Something of this kind, a (most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

“ How

“ How with a matchless insolence to dare
 “ Abuse and jostle PRINGLE* from the chair ;
 “ A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
 “ That owes its sole existence to a gnat !
 “ A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
 “ A f-l that crosses oceans for a weed !

“ Once tow’ring SCIENCE made Crane Court† her
 home,
 “ And heav’n born WISDOM patroniz’d the dome ;
 “ With awful aspect at the portal shone,
 “ And to her mansion woo’d the wise alone :
 “ Now at the door see moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
 “ Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in :
 “ Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
 “ And furbish up a folio on a wren.”
 You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter——

S I R J O S E P H .

By G-d ! I think it hath not minc’d the matter.

* About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines, to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts.—The dispute ran so high, that His Majesty took a part in it ; and being rather *partial* to *blunt* conductors, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *NOBS*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *NOBS* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was not all ; on the birth-day, His Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teized by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature ; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx ; he resigned the chair and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is !

† The Royal Society’s rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerset Place.

Yet,

Yet, by the Pow'r who made me, PETER, know,
I'm honour'd, star'd at, wherefoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—

P E T E R.

And then sit down again, I do suppose:
And then around the room a whisper goes,
“ Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his
look ?
“ Who sail'd all round the world with CAPTAIN
Cook !”

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds ! what the devil's fame if this be not ?

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, prithee don't be such a sot——
Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of fresh imported, staring country Cousins;
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And see their brother beasts within the Tow'r:
True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv'n,
Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav'n;
Not by the wooden million——Nature's chips,
Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse;
Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
Because they've *beads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

S I R J O S E P H.

What though unletter'd*, I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.
Frequent to Court I go, and midst the ring,
I catch most gracious whispers from the KING——

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*, as he really was refused his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

PETER.

P E T E R.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
In sentiment sublime, and language rich;

"What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new found
out?"

"What's the society, what, what about?"

"Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,

"Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what,
what?"

"Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?"

"Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks,
more thanks?"

"You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,

"Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what,
what?"

Such is the language of the first of Kings,
That many a fighting heart with envy stings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear:
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl;
And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT must tumble.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whistle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.

ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my list,
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,

Because (a flock of astronomic gulls,
The cobweb mathematics cloud their skulls?)

The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:

These shall arise, and with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of opposition down.

P E T E R.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;

Bids

Bids NERO, ÆSAR, POMPEY, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

S I R J O S E P H.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say what e'er you please!
Can name the vegetable tribes with ease——
What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
Whose genealogy's unknown to me?

P E T E R.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet say, should monkeys give you NEWTON's feat?
Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
Well suits the idle hours of some old maid,
(Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore)
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;
Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend——
Bons mots, and wond'rous stories without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies*, noddies, with such luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
Sublime, for scurvygras and lady-smocks†,

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals," says Dr. Hawksworth's most miserable account; which might more properly be christened "The history of Sir Joseph Banks," so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawksworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
And such as FAME's fair volume should secure;
Yet to my mind, it is not such a feat,
As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's feat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
Proud of my friendship, see Sir WILLIAM court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
Who sent you once the *Sumen* of a sow*!
Far richer soup than pigs that lose their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.

Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES KING!
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*,
Just with the same *sang froid* that JOAN the cook
Casts on her dampings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
That half SIR WILLIAM's Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himself the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
That made our British Antiquarians stare;
Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
And at his Naples oven sweat again;
And by his late successes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God blefs us! what to Herschel dare you say,
The astronomic genius of the day,

* Sir W. HAMILTON. who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligation till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
And with more *Geordium Siduses* surprise?

P E T E R.

More *Ætnas* in the Moon——*more* cinder loads?
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By some great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of some penurious Prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
Such as to CHELT'NAM waters urg'd their way,
Where CLOACINA holds her *easy* sway;
Where paper mills shall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish-brown*;
Where for the coach the KING was won't to watch
Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and dispatch*;
Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
That cost in CHEL'TNAM market twopence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart*.——
But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast——
The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blast:
When on the moon he first began began to peep,
The wond'ring world pronounc'd the Gazer deep:
But wiser now th' *un-wond'ring* world, alas!
Gives all poor HERSCHEL's glory to his *glasses*;
Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength,
Lies in his *tube's*†, not *head's* prodigious length.

* Mr. PALMER very *generously* offered His SOVEREIGN a mail coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: His most æconomic Majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

† We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL's *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE's method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of Science.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame bestow,
So curious a discov'rer?—

PETER.

No! man, no!

Give it to MUDGE*, whose head contains more
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL's House.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies:
Who equals his great Ancestor in head;
A Hero † who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprize;
As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER ‡ with fish intrigues our House regales—

PETER.

The tender history of cooing whales §!—

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

† The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a headpiece for the arts and science, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

‡ John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz, on fowgelling; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; proving *incontestably*, what the world knew before, that the afore-said animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species; and on the loves of whales.

§ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a pheasant with three legs; that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

SIR

S I R J O S E P H .

Great in the noble art of gelding fows!—

P E T E R .

And giving to the boar a barren spouse!
 Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,
 That age converts hen pheasants into cock!
 And why not, since it is denied by no man
 That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WO-
 MAN?

Believe me, full as well might papists bring
 Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
 SAINT DUNSTAN's crab stick, which the SAINT, un-
 civil,
 Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL;
 SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old finock,
 And stones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
 SAINT JOSEPH's sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
 Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;
 Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
 Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
 Or bones* from Catacombs to form new saints,
 To cure, like all quack medicines, all complaints!
 Such might the journals of the house record,
 As well as HUNTER's wondrous cock-hen bird.

S I R J O S E P H .

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

P E T E R .

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink †?—
 See shirts and shifts by iron moulds that rot,
 By BLAGDEN's wisdom lote each yellow spot!
 For this shall laundry virgins lift their voice;
 Napkins and damask tablecloths rejoice;

* In 1672, four hundred sin's were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vid.* Article 39, 1787, of the *Philos. Trans.*

Robins and caps, and sheets, and pillow cases,
 Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces,
 Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
 For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
 Did Doctor Blagden in an oven* bake,
 Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
 Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
 Unfav'ry flow'd like hartshorn streams from skills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON†, all my soul reveres!
 And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
 My eyes with shells, lo! limpet DAVIES greets!
 And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horle beets!
 Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
 And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
 Beets! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
 Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worfall*‡.

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
 And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
 Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
 Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets!
 Beets, that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
 And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
 Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
 Nor hear his own applause without a blush,
 Beets, that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
 And thus by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT§ think you, that great man,
 Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

‡ The more pompous name of the Beet.

§ A Silk Merchant and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian!—such is this gentleman's rage for the art,
 that

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
 The little pupil of a Greenwich fun,
 To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
 The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
 Thus LUBIN from his solitary Down,
 Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
 The lad with ecstasy surveys the scene:
 Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
 Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
 And wonders at his ignorant relations.
 AUBERT who meriteth indeed applause!
 Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws*;
 Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to lisp,
 And to a meteor* turn'd a will-o-wisp!

SIR JOSEPH,

Pry, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains
 Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces:
 Who knows not jordans brown, from Roman vases!
 About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
 And boring earth, like pigs for troufles† muzzling:
 Who likewise from old urns to crotchets leaps,
 Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps‡.

that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silkman, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals soon after *blazed*.

† There are pigs kept expressly for hunting Troufles in some parts of England.

‡ Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON,—at several of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER seen the ANTIQUARIAN in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise!—

PETER.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most uncommon of their kind:
The greatest monsters of the land and water—

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature!
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckled eggs,
Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise:
Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tobaccopipes, and Indian strings,
Such, as to charm the wond'ring Cits we see,
Where DON SALTERO* gives his Sunday's tea;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
'That he'd of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
Owls heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits,
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

* At Chelsea.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x, don't laugh—such things are rich and
scarce——

Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond sublimities have pow'r to please:
To croud with such-like *littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master PUNCH into St. PAUL's.

Yet, to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote——
Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow:
In vain to fav'ring Majesty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely:
E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they ashamed——

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modest blushes may be d——n'd,
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their insolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To say I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
E'en be my house a *tavern* in Soho!
Of daily ven'son let me try the force,
And keep an open house for man and horse.
Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!——
To keep *that* honour every thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds——
A man's a *God* whose hog'shead freely bleeds;
Champagne can consecrate the damned'st evil:
A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
And smooths him with the gossamer of praise!

Stuff'd

Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
 And GLUTTONY's huge greasy with expires;
 Apostate then, the knave denies his church,
 And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers
 Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
 Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
 And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:
 Asham'd, at length, the sad, repentant SINNERS
 All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
 No charms surround the knocker of your door,
 That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends!—

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his bosom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
 The Pow'r whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
 May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
 And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
 Most *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs:
 The Pow'r you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
 Well knows your little rev'rence for his skies*.
 Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
 Besides, HEAV'N oftneft joins the strongest party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
 Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?—

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

PETER.

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
 And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
 A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
 But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
 For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
 And frighten'd Cannibals from shore to shore;
 On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
 A sharp impressiion too of *hardest steel*;
 Whilst Witness Pistol and his Brother Gun
 Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.

A decent method of appropriation,
 And adding glory to the British nation!
 True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
 The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
 Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
 To find a lodging for imperial Rome;
 Yet are those feats what vulgars term *a bore*:
 Stale stuff—the Members look for something more.
 I grant you naked with your servants pranc'd,
 To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd;
 And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
 Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
 SHE, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
 And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
 Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
 Egyptian stones*, that form'd for hogs a sty;
 With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
 That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
 Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
 Or vacate bid you, or do something more,

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
 Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum; such was his zeal for the honours of Hieroglyphics; but as that building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can *well* *authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

PETER.

[94]
P E T E R.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A BISHOP boldly meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives, and damns them in the name of God *!

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
By boldly spitting in each Member's face!
Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
Since what would float the ALBION † were too little?

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
I see you through the streets of London go,
With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedless of the mob that buffles by;
This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The restless Members look for something more.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like a hound?
On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tadpoles by the spoonfull, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cockchaffers just like prawns or shrimps?

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first rates.

PETER.

P E T E R.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
 And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
 Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
 Nay, Hercules surpafs—*devour* your SNAKE;
 And make as little of a toad or viper,
 As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
 And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
 Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:
 Yet, hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before,
 The blushing Members look for something more.

S I R J O S E P H.

Hell seize the Pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
 Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
 All swallow'd to display what *man* can do,
 And must the villains still have something new?—
 Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
 G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR!

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator—
 Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
 Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
 Sublimity from trifles to discern:
 With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
 Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:
 Thus shall PHILOSOPHY her suffrage yield,
 Sir Joseph wear his hat*, and hammer wield;
 No more shall WISDOM on the Journals stare,
 Nor NEWTON's† image blush behind the CHAIR.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers; whilst their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

SCENE, the ROYAL ACADEMY.

“ Qui veut peindre pour l’immortalité,
 “ Doit peindre des Sôrs.” FONTENELLE.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!—
 I come not with hostility, but greeting—
 Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—
 I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,
 To flash, and act as journeyman to Time—
 The God himself is just arrived to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,
 I come not with the shafts of satire sporting;
 Then view me not like Stubbs’s staring horse,
 With terror on th’ approaching lion snorting:
 I come to bid the hatchet’s labours cease,
 And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don’t start,
 And, like some long-ear’d creatures, bray “ what
 art?”—

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
 I come not here, believe me, to complain
 Of such as dar’d employ thy building brain,
 And criticise an œconomic error*.

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William’s way.

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
 And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
 Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
 To give stability to stone and brick;
 No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout —
 The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
 And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
 To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
 And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
 For putting clever Academic men*,
 Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
 To see the King of England and his dame,

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot;
 'Midst peopled windows, chimnies and old walls;
 'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
 Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's.

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
 The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,
 Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
 And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob.

Wash'd many a visage, black and brown, and fair,
 Giving to each so picturesque an air;
 Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
 Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;
 Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
 Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O, West, that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
 Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine;
 'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,
 So very, very feeble in their natures,
 Already gasping in a deep decline!

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,
 Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed:
 No—peace and happiness attend 'em;
 Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
 Of over dealing in the true sublime;
 I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound;
 Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
 That too divine effects of light and shade
 Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
 That elegance, expression, spirit,
 Too strongly from the canvass blaze;
 And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise:
 Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush;
 The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
 " Here lies below a painter's clay,
 " Who work'd away most furiously for Kings,
 " And prov'd that fire of inclination,
 " For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,
 " And fire of genius, are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
 Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
 That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and gogling eyes,
 With grandeur cannot well exist.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
 Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance——
 Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint!

Yet

Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide saucer eyes and dire distortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep—
Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
And golden goats, the golden grafs that brouze,

Which with such golden lustre flame,
As beat the very golden frame.
Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school ;
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool !

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,
With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue ;
And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,
And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, Love's delicious feat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great dome
To offer subjects to the sons of paint:
Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,
Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd faint ;
Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking ;
Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,
Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master West,
And cries, " Off, off ; your tales and hints are shock-
ing ;

" Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies;
 " Kings and the world besides, thy spite, despise.

" Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;
 " Sir, every stupid stanza shows it:
 " Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen;
 " In spheres too high their orbs superior roll
 " By thy poor little grov'ling, mole-ey'd soul,
 " Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

" Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,
 " The two first luminaries of the nation,
 " So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble,
 " wife;
 " Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
 " Curs'd with a conscience blacker than my hat,
 " Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

" Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*——
 " A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:
 " King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
 " Where Majesty delights with West to prate,
 " Much more than Ministers of State,
 " Where thou shalt never show thy nose!

" Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
 " Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy rhyme!
 " Where ev'ry Cook, it is my firm belief,
 " Would nobly make it a religious point,
 " Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
 " To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

" There's not a shopkeeper in Windsor town
 " That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee,
 " down,
 " That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales;
 " That doth not think thy Odes would give disease
 " To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheese,
 " Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

* A pretty iron-staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

" The

- " The very Windfor dogs and cats,
 " The very Windfor owls and bats,
 " Would howl and squawl, and hoot and shriek, to
 meet
 " Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

 " The servant maids of Windfor from each shop
 " Some pointing brooms, and some, a scornful mop,
 " Their loyal sentiments would disemboogie,
 " And taunting cry " There goes a lying rogue."

 " Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire;
 " Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!
 " Fool! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,
 " A chimney-sweeper's drab, a muse of smoke.

 " The very bellman's rhymes possess more merit;
 " Nay, Nichol's magazine exceeds in spirit:
 " A printer's devil with conceit so drunk,
 " Who publishes for gentleman and trunk;

 " Who sets up author on old Bowyer's scraps;
 " Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
 " That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
 " To swell the curious literary store:

 " Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,
 " A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
 " Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones—
 " On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,
 " On traceless copper sees imperial heads,
 " And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

 " Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
 A Druid altar from a pigstye rise.
 " Yes, Nichols aping wisdom through his glasses—
 " Thee, thee Apollo's scavenger, surpasses.

 " Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
 " Mean thro' the prison grate for farthings ang-
 ling,
 " Suspending

" Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
 " Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling;
 " Whilst issuing from thy mouth begrim'd with
 beard,
 " Thy pale nose poking thro' thy prison hole,
 " The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
 " ' Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry soul:
 " ' Have pity on a pris'ner's case so shocking —
 " ' Good Lady, put a farthing in the stocking!' —
 " What impudence thus bold a face to push!
 " Arm'd with a winking light of paltry ruff,
 " As if with Truth's bright torch, into our room;
 " To dart on ignorance the fancied rays —
 " To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
 " And kind illumine error's midnight gloom.

" Get out, and pertly don't come troubling *me*;
 " A dog is better company than *thee*."

I thank ye — much oblig'd t'ye, Master West,
 For thoughts so kind, and prettily express;
 Yet won't I be refus'd, I won't indeed:
 You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint;
 This memory of mine contains a mint;
 And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,
 Their names are sacred from the poet's spleen —
 Peace to their reign; they feel no more my jokes,
 Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
 Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
 My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
 I sigh not for the ven'son of a throne:
 Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree;
 A toadeater's an imp I don't admire;
 Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire —
 I've *seen* my Sovereigns — that's enough for *me*.

A. thou-

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame:

Lo! Hodfell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,
Where Love o'er garlick waves his purple wings,
Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
And show the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
At which its little soul revolts,
With wrigling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threat'ned scourge!

Or Richmond*, watchful of the State's salvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation;

* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May, 1789, were seriously tried, and, like many a Nobleman, found too soft.

Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
 Improving thus the nature of great guns;
 Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,
 To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
 Or Richmond† at th' enormons reck'ning struck,
 At Portsmouth bat!ing hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Dutcheffs,
 Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
 Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
 Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
 Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive sound,
 Like animals that furnish man with veal;

Would make another pleasing scene,
 Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
 Longing to shine a first-rate star at Court,
 For satire's pen, a subject of rare sport;
 Longing to purify a luckless blood,
 Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloster at the army's head,
 Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
 In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
 Would glow with such an air of truth! —
 Not on a jackass mounted, but a steed
 Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Salisb'ry examining the iron hands
 Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,

† At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Suffex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c., thought it a grievous imposition, and consequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

That

That clap our Kings to Parliament and play——
Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
That money may'nt be thrown away:

Resolv'd from those same legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,
And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
A pretty opportunity to smile,
You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place*,
Where fair Philosophy, the heav'nly dame,
By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
No longer shows her exil'd face;
Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
With many a parasitical dear guest,
Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
Throwing away of learning such a waste,
And proving his superior classic taste,
By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
Imploring money for a King;
Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
The Lady's tender heart to wring,
Tales of expence in Doctor's bills,
High price of blisters, bolusses and pills,
Long journey to St. Paul's t' oblige the nation,
And give God thanks for restoration;
Britannia with arch look the while,
Partaking strongly of a smile,

* The Royal Society.

Pointing to that huge dome*, the nation's wealth;
Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
And all so modest with their secret store,
Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudenell and Symonds† with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little Norman's‡ favours fighting,
A picturesque effect would form;
That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
Taking the citadel by storm;
That running with the girl in triumph off,
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray§, who swore his pray'rs,
The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,
Admiring such a novel mode of sinning:

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act——

In ships of war, on Sundays pray'rs are giv'n;
For though so wicked, sailors think of heav'n,
Particularly in a storm;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.s's contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

§ On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's.

If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs ;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
" Where there's no danger, there's no need of pray-
ing."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away ;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out ;
Gave him a clawing to some tune——
This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout*.

" Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cry'd,
" And save your damn'd young sinful soul :"
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him :
" Flog," cried the boy, " flog—curse me, flog
away——
" I'll go—but mind—God d—mn me if I'll pray."

The KING of SPAIN and the HORSE.

IN sev'nteen hundred sev'nty eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,

* A common punishment in Russia.

Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to finite
 The peaceful natives of the western main,
 With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
 To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
 Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
 Was thought Heav'ns cause amazingly to further;
 For which most pious reason, hard to work,
 They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
 To charm the God of mercy with their murther!

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
 In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd
 A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
 Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
 To fix his foot the palfry to bestride;
 In vain!— he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
 And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
 Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
 And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
 The horse attempted not to run away;
 At which the poor-chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,
 And swore by ev'ry faint and holy martyr,
 He would not yield the traitor quarter,
 Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
 Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,
 Did with more valour stoutly fight,
 And terrify each little squeaking foe;
 When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray!
 And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their
 hearts of hay,

Not with more energy and fury
 The beauteous street-walker of Drury

Attacks a sifter of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,

And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
And now he kick'd, and sore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick;
And what excessively provok'd this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince,

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow;
And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore;

Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast;
Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
Most Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,

Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast;
Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

Lord B. and the ENUNCH.

A LORD, most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day——
A poor old *seniivir*, whose throat
Had lost its love-resounding note,
Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

"Signor Squalini," with a solemn air,
The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
"Signor Squalini, much I fear
"I've got a most unlucky ear,
"And that 'tis known to all the music band.

"Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
"And, true it is, I don't know flats from sharps:
"Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
"So ill doth music with my organs suit,
"I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
"The hautbois from the double drum.

"Now tho' with Lords, a number of this nation,
"I go to op'ras, more through fashion
"Than for the love of music, I could wish
"The world might think I had some little taste,
"That those two ears were tolerably chaste,
"But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

"Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,
"Gold shan't be wanting to content ye."——

"*Bravissimo!*" my Lor, replied Squalini,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of gravity;
"De nobleman mufs never look de ninny.——
"True," cry'd the noble Lord, with German gravity.

" My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
 " Dey do no vant de vorld to tink dem poor,
 " Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;
 " Dis all same ting wid ignoraunce, my Lor."——

" Right," cry'd his Lordship in a grumbling tone,
 Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

" But first I want some technicals, Signor"——
 Bowing, the Eunuch answered,—“ Is, my Lor;
 “ I teach your Lorship queekly, queekly, all,
 “ Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,
 “ Dat be ven finger oppen vide de troat,
 “ And den for long time make de squawl——
 “ Mush long, long note, dat do continue while
 “ A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

" My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,
 " As if de finger vas in greef, or sick,
 “ And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:
 “ De high, oh, dat musician call *seprano*;
 “ De low voice, *basso*; de soff note, *piano*——
 “ *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

" Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know——
 “ *Allegro*, quick; *Adagio*, be de slow;
 “ *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar:
 “ *Maestoso*, dat be grand and nobel ting,
 “ Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King!
 “ Or you, my Lor,
 “ When in de house you make de grand oration,
 “ For save, my Lor, de noble Englis nation.”

Thus having giv'n his lesson, and a bow,
 With high complacency his Lordship smil'd:
 Unravell'd was his Lordship's pucker'd brow,
 His scouling eye, like Luna's beams, so mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries sweet cajole
 That praise-admiring wight yclep'd the soul;
 And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
 That great's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

“ Signor Squalini,” cry’d the Lord,
 “ The op’ra is begun, upon my word——
 “ *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,
 “ As soon as ever you shall find
 “ A finger’s voice above or under pitch,
 “ Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch.”

“ Ifs, ifs, my Lor, (the eunuch straight reply’d)
 “ I sheet close by your Lordship side;
 “ And den, accordin to your Lordship wish,
 “ I give your Lordship elbow littel twish.”

Now to the opera, music’s sounds to hear,
 The old Castrato and the noble Peer
 Proceeded——Near the orchestra they sat,
 Before the portals of the singers’ throats!
 The critic couple mousing for bad notes
 With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note——
 The Eunuch twitch’d his Lordship’s coat:
 Full-mouth’d at once his Lordship’s roar’d out
 “ psha!”

The orchestra, amaz’d, turn round
 To find from whence arose the critic sound,
 When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw!

The Eunuch kept most sily twitching,
 His frowning Lordship all the while,
 (Not in the cream of courtly stile)
 Be-dogging this poor finger, that be-bitching,
 Uniting too, a host of damning pshas,
 And reap’d a plenteous harvest of applause:——
 Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,
 And tho’ the Eunuch’s dead, remains so still:

TO THE

ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien,
 Whisp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,
 'Tis what the prince of foot hath often done——
 For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,
 In close *confab* the gentleman is seen——
 With such hath Satan oft a world of fun——
 More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
 Than all the little under world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
 If we may credit public rumour;
 And all so civil in each act and look,
 That whensoever we incline
 On some rare dish of sin to dine,
 We can't employ a nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous disdains
 To take a sixpence for his pains——
 Nay, at our money would be vex;
 Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
 Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
 We join his fire-side in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
 Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
 Thinking the Prince of Ere us ill treated:
 Fir'd by the subject in my rhyming mode,
 I complimented Satan with an ode,
 Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated:

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

The Devil is not so black as he is painted.

Ingratum Odi.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
 Yourself in metre shine;
 Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
 Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
 Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
 Of potent verse afraid!
 And yet I vow, in all my time,
 I've not beheld a single rhyme
 That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've often read those pious whims——
 John Wesley's sweet damnation hymns,
 That chant of heav'nly riches.
 What have they done?—those heav'nly strains.
 Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
 But fill'd John's earthly breeches;

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
 So humbly at the world's command,
 As thy old cloven foot;
 Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
 And yet no pickpocket's so maul'd
 As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands hourly bent on sin,
 With supplication call thee in,

To

To aid them to pursue it;
 Yet, when detected, with a lie
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
 "The Devil *made* me do it."

Behold the fortunes that are made,
 By men through roguish tricks in trade!
 Yet all to thee are owing——
 And tho' we meet it ev'ry day,
 The sneaking rascals dare not say,
 This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure,
 No man can shun thee on that score;
 The very best is thine:
 With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
 Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,
 And many a grave Divine.

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,
 The very instant thou art kind,
 Some people so uncivil,
 When aught offends, with face awry,
 With base ingratitude to cry,
 "I wish it to the devil."

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
 To be the torment of his life,
 By one eternal yell;
 The fellow cries out coarsely, "Zounds,
 "I'd give this moment twenty pounds
 "To see the jade in hell."

Shou'd Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,
 Thou never company wouldst want
 To make thee downright mad;
 For mind me, in their wishing mood,
 They never offer thee what's good,
 But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
 A snuffing, long-fac'd, canting crew,

So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other six,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy——
The charms of beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who broughtst the lovely toy.

No, Satan——if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, thro' the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp).
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But say, " 'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since truth must out——I seldom knew
What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till thou hadst won my heart——
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child——good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
With eyes like saucers staring!
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil,

And

And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chace my fright.

And ev'ry night I went to bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug;
There, panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou slily in the dark wouldst creep,
And eat me, tho' so snug.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,
With fins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both man and maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth
Without thy aid, old Sweeper:
So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall chuse to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,

Whose

Whose souls are scarce worth taking?
O Prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy;
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
Give race horses the glander——
The dice box break, and burn each card——
Let virtue be its own reward
And gag the mouth of slander!

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at church no more,
But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode should end:
And now I tell thee like a friend,
Howe'er the world may scout thee;
Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
And folks so very fond of finning,
They cannot do without thee.

THE

TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of Fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath——
Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip, tho' pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep——

How wonderfully tame!

And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite——

To lift his dart to hit her;

For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,

I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
That many a sweet Capriccio sung,

And beat in sounds the spheres?

No longer must those fingers play
Britons strike home, that many a day
Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd

To think I now might speak my mind,

Nor hurt her dear repose;

Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,

Were I to put my fingers o'er,

And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause——

How wonderful are Nature's laws,

When Lady's breath retires,

Its fate the flaming passions share,

Supported by a little air,

Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,

Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,

And loud instructive lungs;

O Death, in her, tho' only one,

Are lost a thousand charms unknown,

At least a thousand tongues.

Soon

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,
How great was my surprise!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?
Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore! —
But let me give such ravings o'er —
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb:
Not one more bolus shall be giv'n —
You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,
And pills, she took to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest —
In softest silence drop the tear,
As whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repels the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme——

Enough one little sigh——
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare,
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held——
Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make——
I'd not be stingy, sure——
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who wou'd paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since Fame reports a coffin tost,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewel, my love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo——
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do!

THE
SOLDIER and the VIRGIN MARY.
A TALE.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,
In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in heav'n——
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n:
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery!
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who, nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,
And sins so manifold confessing;
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
Who, to his cost, soon understood

That he was not beyond the claw
Of that same long arm'd giant christen'd Law:

With horror did his Judges quake——

As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
Such was their dev'lish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang froid*
Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill:
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
That Madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale:
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope, to all his Counsellors, made known
This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.
The question now was banded to and fro,
If Mary had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r——
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way——
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the di'monds that were left;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft,

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the saucy fellows at a distance;
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees!

AN ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

BELONGING TO

ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*

The TIME, *Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Israel, Oh ye fingers sweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear!

Lo; in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks!

Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much approve;

Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,

With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How

How sweetly roll your gooseb'rry eyes,
 As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
 And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
 No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
 No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
 But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
 To tie the matrimonial cord;
 You call the matrimon'al service, cant——
 Like our first parents, take each other's word:
 On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix ——
 To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
 Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle!
 No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass:
 No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
 Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,
 To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
 Ye males, before you seek your bed,
 To settle pin-money on Madam:
 No fears of cuckoldum, heav'n bless ye,
 Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
 Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behāving,
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
 No nightcaps snug——no trouble in undressing
 Before you seek your strawy nest,
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
 To feast on Love, heav'ns greatest blessing,

Good gods; ye sweet love-chanting rams!
 How nimble are you with your hams
 To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;
 And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
 Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
 Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
 Answers your invitation note with joy,
 And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
 Lo! born on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold——
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
 I do suppose you need not now be told
 Now much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
 To keep the image of my fair;
 I sit o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
 And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget it's woe?
 The virgin would have mourn'd for me——
 O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
 Th' sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
 Too many an unfeeling swain
 Forfakes of solitude the shade,
 For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!——
 Their easy hearts their tongues belie——
 Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghost,
 And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

Sir J. BANKS and the THIEFTAKERS.

SIR Joseph, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
 Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings;
 And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
 Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
 Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
 A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
 The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
 A simpling too for plants call'd Thieves proceeded;
 Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so fly,
 Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
 And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
 Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
 On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
 Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
 With dread prodigiously appall'd——
 The thieftakers no ceremony us'd;
 But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
 They bade him speak;
 But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight ex-
 claim'd——

"A thief," reply'd the runners with a curse:
 "And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn'd"—
 And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse:

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,
 A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,
 Containing frogs and toads of various shape,
 Dock, daify, nettletop, and dandelion,
 To entertain, with great propriety,
 The members of his sage society;

Yet

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
That this their pris'ner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight—

"No—there," rejoin'd the runners, "you are right—

"A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—

"Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:

"We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face;

"So come along with us, Old Blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain—

In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain

That he was highly titled, that he swore—

The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,

Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd and cry'd, "*en-
core.*"

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb'ring Squire

Should answer for it that he was no thief:

On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,

And said such stories should not save his beef;

And if they understood their trade,

His *mittimus* would soon be made;

And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,

For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.

The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,

Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,

So black, and of enormous size,

Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,

For fear the Knight might run away,

And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,

We've no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,

And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,

Not

Not on the system of Linnæus thinking——
 Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;——
 Such is the populace's horrid nature
 Tow'rd's people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
 Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
 Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the Squire,
 To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
 Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight——
 What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen——
 And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
 The thieftakers severely reprimanded
 For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
 Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.——
 Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
 Imagin'd that they could not well do less——

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
 And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
 That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
 They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
 Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON and the MOUSE-TRAP.

MAN in rather an exalted station,
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
 Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
 Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel——
 Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring through the lanes,
 Made frequent curiosity campaigns;

Some-

Sometimes caught grafshoppers—now more profound,
 Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;
 Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
 His mind was wonderfully struck——
 Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
 Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *bight* Solomon, one day,
 In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;
 Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
 Who found the world we've lost across the water;
 But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
 Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail——
 That day it chanc'd to be his will,
 To make discoveries at Salthill;
 Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
 Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,
 Doing their very best endeavour
 To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mouse;
 Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
 Because he eat the meat he could not pay for:

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,
 Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
 Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,
 That purchases, like money, beef and beer:
 Possess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,
 Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
 His rare round optics on the wondrous trap
 That did the duty of a cat;

And always fond of useful information,
 Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,

• “What's that?—What, what? hæ, hæ; what's
 that?”

To whom, reply'd the mistress of the house,
 “A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a mouse.”

“Mouse!—catch a mouse!” said Solomon with glee—

“Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see——

“Mouse!”

" Moufe!—moufe!"—then pleas'd his eyes began to roll—

" Where, where doth he go in?" he marveling cry'd—

" There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.—

" What here?" cry'd Solomon; " this hole, this hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,
That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish'd it out again with all his soul:

However, by a little squawl and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

" What makes the moufe, pray, go into the trap?

" Something (he cry'd) that must their palates please."—

" Yes, (answer'd the fair woman) Sir, a scrap

" Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheefe."

" Oh! oh! (said Solomon) oh! oh! oh! oh!

" Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now—

" The moufe goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,

" Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."

Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile,

Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

" Let's see, let's see, cry'd Solomon—" let's see—

" Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."

Then took he up some bacon, and did clap

A little slice so clever in the trap.

Thus did he by his own advice,

Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm'd with glory,

And told his family the wondrous story

About the widow's cheefe and bacon scrap!

Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,

Save moufe ideas, till he went to bed,

Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here

Here let me pause, and Heav'n's great goodness
chaunt——

How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant
To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,
Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading strings,
By way of happy harmless relaxation !

Next day the man of wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
To know if Master Mouse had sinelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A real mouse was absolutely taken !

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's surpass,
When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse!
Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail!
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
(Men that with rich comparison supply us)
When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire !

How like to Tamerlane the great,
Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage !

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus——
And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,
Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd
He thought that puss had answer'd "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke —
Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
To catch the bacon-stealing mouse:
Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,
With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
And show'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my lay —
The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people —
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple:

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
Design'd by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpose got the full completion,
And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this same vanity impell'd,
And to a middle-siz'd balloon,
With gas of consequence sublimely swell'd,
She bursted with th' important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill —
Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around —
This was to Solomon an ugly pill! —
Her fatal error soon the widow found —
For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

PETITION TO TIME,

In Favour of the Dutcheſs of Devonſhire.

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienſeance's* ſchool,
 Have I been bred to call thee an old fool;
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
 That I have always *thought* thee ſo:
 Full old art thou to have more ſenſe——
 Then, with an idle cuſtom, Time, diſpenſe.

Thou really aſteſt now, like little miſſes,
 Who, when a pretty doll they make,
 Their curious fingers itch to take
 The pretty image all to pieces:
 Thus, after, thou haſt form'd a charming fair,
 Thou canſt not quit her for thy foul,
 Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,
 And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But not forbear ſuch doings, I deſire——
 Hurt not the form that all admire——
 Oh, never with white hairs her temple ſprinkle——
 Oh, ſacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
 And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
 Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, ſhouldſt thou bid the beauteous Dutcheſs fade
 Thou, therefore, muſt thy own delights invade;
 And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
 Before thou giv'ſt her equal to our iſle——
 Then do not with this ſweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
 But keep, to ſhow the triumph of thy art.

O E C O N O M Y.

OECONOMY's a very useful broom;
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each stragling pin to make a plumb——
 Too oft Oeconomy's an iron vice,
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Oeconomy's a comely thing——
 Good in a subject—better in a king;
 Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling——
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean!
 Inclines them too to villany to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild——
 Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit:
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild——
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child——

Afflicted eve'ry heart with grief around:
 Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound:

And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
 She thus the playhouse manager address'd:

“ Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 “ Dat meet mishfartin here so bad——
 “ Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,
 “ Als Moses haf nat see de show.”

But as for Av'rice, 'tis the very devil;
 The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
 The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills:
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;
 No flow'r of virtue near it thrives——
 Like Aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills.

In ev'ry foil behold the poison spring!
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlb'rough pilfer'd cloth and bread;
 So says that gentle satirist Squire Pope;
 And Peterborough's Earl upon this head,
 Affords us little room to hope,
 That what the Twitnam bard avow'd,
 Might not be readily allow'd.

THE
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
AND THE
M O B.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine——
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
And so uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;
Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then swore by G—— he was the Duke:
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd——
Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd——
“Zounds!” cry'd the Earl, “be converts then
this minute;”
So throwing fixpence to them, “there, there, there,
“Take that,” cry'd Peterborough, with a sneer——
“Now if you think I'm *be*, the devil's in it.”

ODE to a DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with
shame—

What tho' the parson did not tie the knot?
What tho' the boy should come?—he'll bring thee
fame—

The world's an afs, and custom is a fot—
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

EVE had no parson—for no priest was Adam,
And yet not out of countenance was Madam;
Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,
When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;
Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,
She sat about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;
Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—
A likeness of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—
So slow her motions! all so very slow!
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,
The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,
Mounts high exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
'Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears—
Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing—
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!

A Man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support her screams prepare;
And Slop appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that;
Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rush'd with comfortable news—
“ Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—
“ Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy—
“ As fine as ever stood in shoes”

“ I'm glad on't, Betty,” cry'd the master—
“ I pray there may be no disaster;
“ All's with your mistress well, I hope?”
Quoth she, “ All's well as heart can well desire
“ With Madam and the fine young Squire;
“ So likewise says old Doctor Slop.”

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trottest fourteen miles an hour——
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Just like a grampus, or a whale;
In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover——
“ Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; ’tis not over——
“ And Madam’s brisker than a nightingale;

“ A fine young lady to the world is come,
“ Squawling away just as I left the room——
“ Sir, this is better than a good estate.”——
“ Humph,” quoth the happy man, and scratch’d his
pate.

Now looking up—now looking down;
Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown——
“ Good God,” says he, “ why was not I a cock,
“ Who never feels of burd’ning brats the shock;
“ Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams
picking,
“ Whilst to the hen belongs the care
“ To carry them to eat, or take the air,
“ Or bed beneath her wing the chicken ?”

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended;
For in bounc’d Bet, her rump with rapture jig-
ging——
“ Another daughter, Sir—a charming child.”——
“ Another!” cry’d the man, with wonder wild;
“ Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress if she’s *pigging*.”

THE
PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
That 'mongst the apostolic band,
So ill divided are the loaves and fishes!
Archbishops, Bishops, Deans and Deacons,
With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes!
Whilst half th' inferior Cassocks think it well
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
And rise in this good world a little faster,
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable—
A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of different colours were his Gospel hacks——
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks:
That is, some tolerable—many sad
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad,

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility
To give the necessary pray'r——
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a soul physician,
He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,
Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
To comfort sinners on their travels:

But

But to low people in infectious fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,
When clergymen were busy all as bees!
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all!——
What should be done?
Necessitas non habet leges——
So to the priest he goes and begs
That he would visit the Old Crone.

“ Sir,” quoth the parson, “ I agreed
“ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
“ But not to ev’ry poor old lousy soul.”——
“ True,” cry’d the patron; “ to be sure ’tis true;
“ But, parson do oblige me—prithee do——
“ Let’s put her decently into the hole:

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—
“ I’d do it, if I could, myself, by G—d;
“ Then what a dickens can I do or say?——
“ Go, mumble, man, about a pray’r and half;
“ Tell the old b——ch her soul is safe;
“ Then take your fee and come away !!!”

BIENSEANCE.

THETE is a little moral thing in France,
Call’d by the natives *bienveillance*;
Much are the English mob inclin’d to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To

To *bienfance* 'tis tedious to incline,
 In many cases;
 To flatter, *par example*, keep smooth faces
 When kick'd, or suff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienfance* may seem an oddity——
 I deem it a most portable commodity;
 A sort of magic wand;
 Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
 Although an utensil of much tenuity,
 In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
 To see an Englishman, the ninny,
 Give people for their services a guinea,
 Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienfance*
 Much practis'd too in that same France;
 Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity;
 But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
 Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
 The souls and faces of mankind like dough!
 With some, indeed, may *bienfance* prevail
 To folly—see the under-written tale.

THE
 PETIT MAITRE,
 AND THE
 MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris sometime since, a murd'ring man,
 A German, and a most unlucky chap,
 Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
 Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;

His limbs *secundem artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more;
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry——
“ Boh!” quoth the German; “ an't I 'pon de wheel?
“ D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel?”

“ Sir,” quoth the beau; “ don't, don't be in a
passion;

“ I've nought to say about your situation;
“ But making such a hideous noise in France,
“ Fellow, is contrary to *bienfiance*.”

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS;

OR

DR. CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier
clan,

By virtue of his trade a Thesis* order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible assassination
Intended for the Monarch of our nation
By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd;
That likewise prais'd the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts so deep.

* A Latin Thesis is annully given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot latinity and graces:
Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet tho' a simple Doctor, how amazing!
He sat the University a blazing——
Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits——
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vise—vindelicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, silyly *moufes*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
With silver staves, blue gowns, and velvet caps——
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes*, who sticks like stag-hounds to a
haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd "the conq'ring hero comes."

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had got the gripes;
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his
station——
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration——

* The organist.

Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was
news——

Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night
So lofty were the pinions of his muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r——
So strong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,

High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever,
His muse's magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliath, and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How useless was th' above! each person grieves,
And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,
That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame——
Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to support
The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;

Oh

Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
 When shaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a most infernal rout,
 And seemeth absolutely raving;
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition——
Thus travel souls of people to perdition.

Stand at my side, oh stoic dame——
On starling Martyn bid me cry out “shame,”
 Instead of knocking the dull fellow down;
When up the ninnyhammer starts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a speech
 Of orators of fair and first renown,
Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View dedications fill'd with sulsome lies,
 In praise of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings;
Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,
'That seldom water the poor arts,
 However sweetly adulation sings:

Eke, when I hear that stupid Parson H—
God's house with ev'ry nonsense fill,
 And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impostor cry,
“I've news, you raggamuffins, from the sky;
 “I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd:
“I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from
 God—
 “‘I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice.’—
Which if it were so, would be vastly odd,
 Since Heav'n would show bad judgement in the
 choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
 When subtle Hawkeſb'ry talks of patriot fires,
 And yielding places up to ſave the nation;
 When of importance braggeth ſimple Leeds;
 When Gloſter's far-fam'd wife for meekneſs pleads;
 And Gloſter's Duke breathes war and deſolation;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and eaſe;
 When Thurlow turns the fiſt of devotees,
 And to aſtound the million, builds a church;
 When royal folks of pureſt friendſhip boaſt,
 Make generoſity their conſtant toaſt,
 Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch;

When wonders thro' his ſpyglaſs Marl'b'rough views,
 And ſends to Banks the great, th' important news,
 Freſh from his *Cranium's* philoſophic fogs;
 When Dick deſcants on any thing but croute,
 When Thomſon ought performs beyond a ſcout,
 And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs;
 Sweet PATIENCE, ſooth me with thy ſaint-like note,
 Or, driv'n to madneſs, I ſhall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utenſils, you ſeem diſtreſs'd,
 And ſwear with horror that my rhymes moleſt
 Of certain folks ſo great the ſweet repoſe;
 Running about with horrors, groans, and ſighs,
 And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
 So ſtrong your friendſhip, and ſo vaſt your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendſhip bray no more,
 Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
 Lo! like yourſelves each man his trumpet bears,
 In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,

Of

Of friendship the sublimity to sound——
 Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been—
Perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen;

Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
 And *eke* th' Escurial, pride of Spain confest;
 But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eyeballs blest
 See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
 You need **not**, Lords, so sapient, to be told
 What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
 Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
 In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
 As if he really was tranfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
 Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,
 Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
 That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
 Lying like antient Romans on their sides,
 And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
 In which they had been batt'ning,
 Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection!
 Just like the herd that had the devil,
 Away they scamper, all so civil,
 Resolving or to free him or to die ——
 Such is of swine the friendly quality,
 Altho' proverbial for brutality!

But when at Newgate to be hung,
 A Christian pours a dying song,
 I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
 Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
 To keep him longer in the land,
 And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
 Of seeing how a brother dies,

I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to
swing——

Nay, ev'n were *greater People* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame——
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
Were you but tolerably sure
The next in pow'r would give you sixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat
'em)
Friendship from hogs as well as eat 'em.

At length my subjects end, and now
To folly let me make my best Court bow——
O Goddess, still monopolize the GREAT:
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

ODES

OF

IMPORTANCE.

Sec positi, suaves misceris odores.

Sweet-Briar, Hawthorn, Lillies, Nettles, Roses ;
What a nice *Bouquet* for all sorts of Noses !

*Lud. mus innocuis verbis, nec lædere quenquam
Mens nostra* MARTIAL.

MY VERSE's sweetness, mildness, none deny :
Lord ! playful PETER would not wound a Fly.

RESIGNATION:

AN ODE

TO THE JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS,

Who lately refused to work, except their Wages were raised.

SONS of SAINT CRISPIN, 'tis in vain!
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain.—

I know you wish good beef or veal to carve:
But first the hungry GREAT must all be fed;
Mean time, you all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your *Masters*, like *yourselves*, oppression feel—
It is not *they* would wish to stint your meal:

Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd.
Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,
HEAV'N gives us very frequently, we know,
The GREAT as scourges for mankind.

Your *Masters* soon may follow you, so lank—
Undone by simple confidence in *Rank*.

The

The royal RICHMOND builds his state on coals;
SAL'SB'RY, and HAWKSB'RY, lofty souls,
With their fair DAMES must have the ball and rout;
Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
Whose sycophants must also have a share.—

But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—
Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
You must not for your money have a song.
Cease, cease your riots, pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends.—

And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-fac'd, damn'd OPPRESSION, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of MEN,
And feel of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
Your sour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
Till FREEDOM comes—I see her on her way—
Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banish'd Happiness be seen,
And sons of Crispin, you, once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.
Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
JUSTICE is sick, I own, but is not dead.
Let GRANDEUR roll her chariot on our necks,
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:

Let GRANDEUR's plumes be lifted by our sighs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—

We must contribute; or, lo, GRANDEUR dies.
We are the Parish that supports her show;
A truth that GRANDEUR wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty RULERS with a groan,
Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare look up for ease, th' ingrate

Look down, and ask us, "D-m'me, who are you?"

Now

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, "I thank ye for the bird or hare."

But then I'm told agen, that GRANDEUR's fore
At owning obligations to the Poor—

Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
'She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
For finding partridges, and catching rats;
And say, "I'm much oblig'd t'ye" to a horse.

Lo, to the GREAT we breathe the sigh in vain;
A zephyr murm'ring through the hollow walls;
Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty GREAT must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head;

And from our bosoms we poor *Geese*, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
Ourselves expos'd to NATURE's rudest weather,
Deny'd the liberty to cry out, "Shame!"
Thus, whilst *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

You must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
Not *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
In tears their blubber'd faces let them sleep,
And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
Lo, GRANDEUR's fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed!—

See yon proud Duchefs—yet of late so *poor*,
With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year:
Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
Where PHARO triumphs in his mad career.
We must support her, or by hook or crook—
For, lo, her husband was—a ROYAL Duke.

We *must* support too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
And (suiting their complexions) pink umbrellas.

It must be so; for Lordly GRANDEUR rules —
Lo! QUALITY are GODS, and MOB are mules.

I know you wish to see on gold, so good,
King GEORGE's head, that many a want supplies;
So very pleasant to his PEOPLE's eyes,
As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.
MONEY's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we wont say *wh—e*)
Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd;
Yet, like the GREAT ONES, with fastidious eye
Seems of *inferior* mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy
bread:
'Tis on our shoulders Courts must lift the head.

Remember, we are only Oxen yet—
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat,
But gradually we all shall change to Men;
And then !!! what *then?*—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
The lawless sway of Tyranny is o'er—
Pride falls, and BRITONS will be beasts no more!

ODE TO BURKE,

AH, BURKE! full sorry is the Muse indeed
That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled!
For what? To crouch, and flatter Queens and
Kings?
Meanly to mingle with a Courtier gang,
That INFAMY herself would scorn to hang—
Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has

Has Madness fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
 Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:
 Join not a Court, and Freedom's foulest foes—
 REPENTANCE, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
 Then howl not, EDMUND, 'mid the Imps of Night;
 Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of Courts,
 (For many a cloud, the breath of Kings supports)
 Attempts thy Reputation's spreading beam?
 What bat-like DEMON, with the damned'st spite
 Springs on t'hy fame, on GLORY's sacred height,
 To sou'e it in DISGRACE's dirty stream?—

Alas! if MAJESTY did gracious say,
 “BURKE, BURKE, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
 “I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
 “They wish'd to treat me like a boy at school;
 “Rope rope me like a horse, an ass, a mule—
 “That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.—

“I hate the PORTLAND Junto—hate it, BURKE—
 “Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a
 cork—
 “Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
 “We've got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes.”—

I say, if thus a mighty Monarch spoke
 As usual—not by way of joke;
 Did not the speech so with'ring make thee shrink?
 Didst thou not inward say, “I've damn'd myself—
 “Why, what a miserable elf!”
 And then upon each old acquaintance think;
 And with a sigh recall those attic days,
 When WIT and WISDOM pour'd the mingled blaze?

BURKE, BURKE, most easily do I discover
 Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—
 From TR—RY borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd!
 E'en now thou art not happy at thy heart—
 It sighs for wisdom's voice, and pants to part
 From fellows by the honest VIRTUES spurn'd.

Thy

Thy tongue has promis'd friendship with a sigh—
 For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
 Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band—
 To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand!
 Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move:
 The startled Courtiers feel no grasp of love:
 A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
 As though it trembled at contamination!

O BURKE! behold fair LIBERTY advancing—
 TRUTH, WIT, and HUMOUR, sporting in her train!
 Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
 Proud of a Golden Age again!
 When all thy Friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
 Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their idol Queen,
 The Goddess at whose shrine a world should *kneel*;
 When *they* with songs of triumph hail the DAME,
 Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
 And CONSCIENCE somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display;
 Borrow from smooth HYPOCRISY's a ray,
 To hail the long-desir'd return?
 Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
 And welcome LIBERTY, with WIT and TRUTH;
 And for a moment leave thy Gang to mourn?
 Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd smile,
 Quitting thy *virtuous* Company, a while,
 To say, "Dear Madam, welcome—how d'y'e do?
 And then the DAME will answer with a dip,
 Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
 "Not much the better, Mister Burke, for *you*."
 "Poor BURKE, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—
 "Go, join the sycophants that I disdain."

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,

Thus chasing widow Sorrow, and her sigh—
O Thou who formest pills to purge the spleen,
No more in Britain must thou dare be teen.

There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
When thou couldst banish FOLLY, nay, and VICE—
Leagu'd with thy daughter HUMOUR, damsel quaint,
And WIT, that could have tickled e'en a Saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain Greybeards* say,
“ Ye vagabonds, you’ve had indeed your day;
“ But never dare to show your face agen,
“ To take vile liberties with lofty men,
“ Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
“ Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call’d a Jail.”

But, lo! fair LIBERTY divinely strong!
A *patriot Phalanx* leads the DAME along.
THOU, WIT, and HUMOUR, shall adorn her train—
And let me proudly join the noble Few;
Whilst, to the cause of Glory true,
The MUSE shall shout her boldest strain.

E’en I, ’midst such a patriot band,
Will gain importance through the land;
Rise, from a poor Extinguisher, a Steeple—
And, O AMBITION, hear thy suppliant’s pray’r,
A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
And crown me, crown me POET of the PEOPLE.

PROBATIONARY ODE.

I.

SON of my Mother, here I am!
 Born of a *spanking* Polish Dam,
 Begot by God knows who:
 Anxious to reach immortal Fame,
 I ask the Laureat's envied Name,
 And claim the Honours due.

II.

Is there a Bard who dares aspire
 To equal my poetic Fire,
 My sweet harmonious strains?
HAYLEY be damn'd!—damn **WARTON** too!—
 Damn all the living rhyming Crew!
 They have not half *my* Brains!

III.

What!—shall these base-born Brats compare
 With great **COWALSKY**'s greater Heir,
 Of Birth almost divine?
 Ravens and Screech-Owls might as well
 Vie with melodious Philomel,
 As their dull Notes with mine.

IV.

By **FAME**, that "*glorious mad dog*," 'bit,
 (To borrow *Bräther Peter's* Wit),
 I've strove in various ways;
 In Prose and Verse, and Verse and Prose,
 And sometimes neither, *Phæbus* knows,
 To win the Meed of Praise.

V.

With **FERNEY**'s Lord my Verse hath rung—
 Have I not **NETLEY**'s **ABBEY** sung

In lofty Verse sublime?
Did I not KAUFFMAN's Fame extend,
When I my soft Epistle penn'd
In many a tuneful Rhime?

VI.

Don't I in annual Prologue shine?
Is not the flippant Ep'logue mine,
Which GARRICK's own surpasses?
Without me vain were NEWCOMER's Plays;
'Tis I alone confer the Bays
On these *theatric* Asses.

VII.

What tho' the Critics pedant *corps*
With Satire's Whip-Cord lash me fore,
And strive to blast my Name?
The half-starv'd Witlings I despise:—
By Heav'n! my Works shall reach the skies
I'll have *eternal* Fame!

VIII.

For *this*, ARCADIA's Scenes I plann'd—
For *this*, with sacrilegious Hand,
I pillag'd YORICK's Urn;
And, viewing "NATURE's SKETCHES," cry'd,
With more than fam'd CORREGGIO's Pride,
"I also am a STERNE."

IX.

Th' ETRUSCAN DOME's superb Design,
O'er CLOACINA's sacred Shrine,
For *this*, majestic rose:—
For *this*, at Pride or Folly's call,
Each Year in ACADEMIC HALL
My *Drawings* I expose.

X.

For *this* my Angel Form and Face,
Enwrapp'd in Robes of *furry* Grace,

160

Before my Poems stare:
 'Though once a wicked *Wit* declar'd,
 'The Frontispiece to h'm appear'd
An old starv'd Russian Bear.

XI.

Then bring the Laurel—bind my Brows—
 My Soul with conscious Genius glows,
 Disdaining abject Pray'r:
 Give me the Sal'ry, Sack, and Praise,
 O give to KEATE's triumphant lays
 The LAUREAT's vacant Chair!

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my Lord! attack a faint-like POET!
 O, let not ASKALON, nor let GATH know it!
 What! by law bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
 O LONSDALE! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
 Half of our verse *adulterated* ware;
 I speak of *other's* verses, not my own.

Ah! stop not, stop not PETER's tuneful throat;
 Hereafter, he may warble in thy praise,
 Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
 A Philomel amidst a flock of Jays.

The banishment of OVID into Thrace,
 Did CÆSAR's glory grievously disgrace;
 Dropp'd on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
 And made the honest pen of Hist'ry shrink.

Thou who shott'st SERJEANT BOLTON through the
 foot,

At least didst make the Serjeant shoot himself:
 O think how thou mayst suffer in repute,
 By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!
 REVENGE herself would blush at such a deed;
 For Poets always were a dovelike breed.

Fire

Fire at a great LAW SERJEANT—then let fly,
 Bounce, on a simple Rhymer such as I,
 Great condescension verily requires:
 What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
 Hunts in his humble bush the twitt'ring wren?
 On grouse and grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At London frequently we meet
 A lofty CAMEL in the street,
 Moving with state-unwieldiness along;
 We also see a Monkey on his hump,
 Now with an arch grimace, from head to rump,
 Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
 Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim sinning,
 The merry grig, that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same CAMEL, a well-judging beast,
 Feels not of goading ridicule the least;
 Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
 Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
 Much like great DOCTOR JOHNSON, call'd the wise
 For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the nose,
 When pondrous moving through the Northern track,
 With dapper JEMMY BOSWELL on his back.

Now would not ev'ry mortal smile,
 To see this Camel all so full of bile
 Bouncing unhappily about,
 Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
 And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
 Making for playful JACKO all this rout?

When HAWKS'B'RY, SALIS'B'RY, LEEDS, and more
 beside,
 Fearing the tinsel on the back of PRIDE
 Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhyme,
 And consequently lose the magic rays
 That call forth ADMIRATION's gape and gaze,
 And make her think she views the true *SUBLIME*—

I say, to MAJESTY when those great LORDS
 Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;
 P 3 As,

- As, " Hang that PETER PINDAR, if you please ;
 " Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
 " What 'tis to smile at *Rulers* of the land—
 " A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.
 " SIRE, SIRE, th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL's tiger
 gripe
 " Would quickly stop the Raggamuffin's pipe ;
 " Then for his laugh at Grandeur let him swing."
 " No, quoth the KING—
 " If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet :
 " 'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, you with the riot—
 " Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that PETER's Muse
 " Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.
 " No, no, my Lords, *M^r DONALD must not squeeze
 him :
 " You see I give up *New-year* Odes, to please him ;
 " And faith, between me and the post and you,
 " I fear the knave will get the *Birth-day* too.
 " No, no—let PETER sing, and laugh, and live :
 " I like read to his works—Kings are fair game :
 " What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive.—
 " Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the same.
 " Should PETER's verse be in the *right*,
 " *Our* conduct must be in the wrong—
 " Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite—
 " We must not hang a subject for a long.
 " My Lords, my Lords, a whisper I desire—
 " Dame LIBERTY grows stronger—some feet higher ;
 " She will not be bamboozled, as of late :—
 " *Aristocrate & la lanterne*
 " Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
 " Within a *certain* neighb'ring bustling State :
 " I think your Lordships and your Graces
 " Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

* The Attorney-General.

- “ But mum, my Lords—mum, mum, my Lords—
 mum, mum :—
 “ You must be cautious for the time to come :—
 “ The People’s brains are losing their old fogs—
 “ Juries before the Judges won’t look slink—
 “ No, no,—they fancy they’ve a right to think :—
 “ They say, indeed they won’t be driven like hogs.
 “ No Starchambers, no Starchambers for *them*—
 “ Slavery’s the dev’l, and Liberty a gem.
 “ You see, my Lords, their heads are not so thick.—
 “ Take care, or soon you’ll have a bone to pick ;—
 “ And p’rhaps you would not like this same hard
 bone—
 “ So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone.”

Sweet ROBIN of the Muse’s sacred grove,
 Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love ;
 So blest when Beauty forms the smiling theme ;
 Who wouldst not Heav’n accept, (the sex so dear)
 Had charming WOMAN no apartments there,
 Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild MINSTREL, could their Lordships call thee
 Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog ?
 What ! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,
 Where GREYBEARDS in their robes terrific sit,
 With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,
 Whilst ERSKINE, eldest-born of RIDICULE,
 From solemn IRONY’s bewitching school,
 Tears to un-Judgelike grins, the hanging GRACES ?

Meek POET, who, no prostitute for price,
 Wilt never sanction Fools, nor varnish VICE ;
 Nor rob the MUSE’s altar of its flame,
 To brighten with immortal beams a *King*
 (If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing),
 And meanly sing a Tyrant into fame !

Thus, LONSDALE, thou behold’st a fair example
 Of greatness in a King—a noble sample !

Thou

Thou cry'ft, "What muft I do? on *thee* I call."—
Catch up your pen, My Lord, at once, and fay,
"Dear PETER, all my rage is blown away ;
"So, come and eat thy beef at LOWTHER-HALL."

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE
ELECTION OF MR. WEST TO THE PRESIDENCY.

HOW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd
CHAIR

Most hedgehog-like, thou bristleft up my hair.—

But poffibly I'm only in a dream:

If fo, immediately O let me wake;

Good MORPHEUS, drag me from this fad miftake—

Open my eyes, or lo, I fhall blafpheme.

By heav'ns! it is no vifion—'tis *too* plain

That thou, poor imp, art fated to fuftain

Of BENJAMIN th' abominable b-m.

What! after REYNOLDS, to take up with WEST!

Th' *antipodes* thou feekeft, I proteft,

From Jove's grand thunder, to an infant's drum;

The lightning courfer, to the creeping mole;

The world's wide orbit, to a fpider's hole;

From fome fair column, or Corinthian dome;

Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,

In Weftminfter's fair Choir for two-pence fhown,

Which bore the EDWARDS, HARRYS of our Ifle,

Has been oblig'd (a truth moft melancholly!)

To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,

And every meanness that can man defile.

Thy virtues is gone out of thee, I ween!

Thy brother Chairs of late with humbled mien,

That

That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,

All with one voice exclaim,
And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,

"He is not equal to an old joint stool.

"He who of late so lofty held his crest,

"Array'd so gorgeous in a crimson vest,

"He now is worse than us poor humble hacks,

"With not a single rag about our backs.

"Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded creature;

"Go, boil some poor old washerwoman's water;

"Or get thyself to skewers and crocksticks turn'd;

"To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,

"And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail;

"For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd."

Thus speak thy brother Chairs! And yet 'tis cruel,

As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,

Or rest the backs of beggars in the street:

But lo, WEST fills thee, by his King's commands;

Lov'd by his subjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—

And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

"I like WEST's works—he beats the RAPHAEL
school—

"I never lik'd that REYNOLDS—'twas a fool—

"Painted too thick—a dauber—'twon't, 'twon't
pass—

"WEST, WEST, WEST's pictures are as smooth as
glass:

"Besides, I hated REYNOLDS, from my heart:

"He thought that I knew nought about the art.

"WEST tells me that my taste is very pure—

"That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur:

"I like, I like, I like the works of WEST."

Thus doth our KING, in sounds so gracious, cry:

Which proves that Kings with *little* can be blest.

And give the wings of eagles to a Fly!

OLD SIMON.

A TALE.

FOLKS cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!
 With fountain noses that for ever flow—
 The world would quickly be undone;
 Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
 And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
 And hang himself, *perchance*, a *hopeful* son;

And for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
 Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
 SORROW may therefore have her decent day,
 And smiling PLEASURE come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon GRIEF:
 PLEASURE must steal into her place at last;
 Thus then the heart from horror finds relief;
 Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.
 Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,
 My constant thought by day, my constant dream:
 Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:
 At length CHARLES Fox * appear'd—behold the
 change!

No longer after SORROW did I range,
 But on the smile of PLEASURE cast mine eyes.

PLEASURE's a lass that will at length prevail:
 Witness the little pleasant following tale.

NARCISSA, full of grace, and youth, and charms
 Had slept some years in good old SIMON's arms;

* With the LIBEL-BILL; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to consult the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part voluntarily with power, however tyrannical—it must be torn from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the PEOPLE; now let them show their gratitude.

Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
 Who, following of numbers the example,
 Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
 Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
 Young flesh is finely form'd to keep the cold:
 Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
 Who warm'd the good King DAVID and his bed,
 Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
 And kept the King of Israel warm as wool—
 Indeed she warmer could the Monarch keep,
 Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was NARCISSA! lo,
 All purity from top to toe;
 As HEBE sweet, and as DIANA chaste.
 None but old SIMON was allow'd a kiss,
 Though hungry as a hound to snap the bliss;
 Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist:
 Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,
 The FAIR had petrified him with a frown;
 For CHASTITY, Lord bless us! is so nice—
 Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,
 Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
 In good old SIMON's unmolesting arms:
 Some years, with this *Antique* of Christian clay,
 Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—
 Ah, Gods! how lucky for such tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it seem'd to be;
 For, had NARCISSA wedded some young chaps,
 Their impudences, all forsooth so free,
 Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best),
 Ladies *might* chose to lose a little rest,
 Keep their eyes open for a Lover's sake.
 And thus a sacrifice to CUPID make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old simple SIMON die;

Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
NARCISSA wept, that they were doom'd to part,
Blubber'd, and almost broke her little heart—

So great her grief that nothing could surpass it.
Not NINE mourn'd more for fourteen brats—
Nor Mistress TORTS*, to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old SIMON hurried;
No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.

'Tis said old SIMON verily did stink,
A pretty Sermon on th' occasion giv'n
Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n:
Scraps too of Latin did the Parson link

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
The congregation and the dead to greet;
For every Wife that is genteelly bred
Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm;
And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
Heav'n won't receive a soul without a psalm.—

But now for poor NARCISSA, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equall'd her dear love:
Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and
mouth;
Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
Just like a dismal day that rains and blows
From every quarter—east, west, north, and south;
And like some fountains were NARCISSA's eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

* The famous finger. She died a few years since at Venice,
and left to every cat a legacy.

Resolv'd to keep his image near her breast,
 She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
 Made it her bed-fellow, to soothe her rest,
 And thought him much like him of flesh and blood,
 Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
 And like old SIMON never bred a riot.

'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul, it was her plan
 Nightly to hug her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
 That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
 Full of fine prancing blood, and Love's bright fires,
 Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
 But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
 Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a Youth admir'd the Dame—
 Burning to satisfy a lawless flame
 With much more passion fill'd, the rogue, than
 grace.

What did he? Brib'd, one night, NARCISSA's maid,
 And got his limbs, so dev'lish saucy, laid,
 Th' impostors, in poor wooden SIMON's place:
 SUSAN, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
 Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.

The DAME came up, delicious, and undrest,
 When SUSAN's candle suddenly went out—
 Misfortunes, sometimes, will attend the best—
 No matter—Sweet NARCISSA made no rout.
 She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
 Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipp'd the FAIR, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
 Thinking to hug her dear old oaken LOVE—
 But lo, her BED-FELLOW with kisses greets!
 She trembles, like an aspen, pretty dove—
 In short, her terror kept her so much under,
 She could not get away—and where's the wonder;
 Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
 That terror robbeth all the limb of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
Her horrors sunk, and died, at ev'ry kiss;
And, 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
She seem'd to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,
SUSAN came tapping at the chamber-door:—
(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;

It had been foolish to have tapp'd till then)

“ Well, Madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray?”

“ Fish, flesh, and fowl,” the Lady quick did say—

“ The best of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*.

“ But Madam, I want wood to make a fire—

“ 'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on.”

“ Oh,” cried NARCISSA, full of her new SQUIRE,

“ Then, SUSAN, you may go and burn old SIMON.

ODE TO THE KING.

Written some time since.

AN'T please your MAJESTY, 'twas rumour'd
lately

That you had got in your head so stately,

That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!

Whether 'tis HAWKSB'RY, or his GRACE of LEEDS,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,

Or whether the more lofty SAL'SB'RY did it,

I say not—but great Lords are giv'n to chatter;

So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my LORD BLUFF too—CARDIGAN the *Great*,
Whose face DAME NATURE never meant should
cheat;

Who, if aught hurts the King, doth shrink and
wince,

As *faithful* to his *Sov'reign* as his *Prince*!

Brimfull

Brimfull of loyalty his noble breast!
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout;
You can't think how they *seem* to take your part;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, start—

I say the Devil, Sir, because some PEERS
Are with the Devil oft in large arrears:
They open'd an account, Sir, long ago—
And SATAN's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, *bugely* do they *seem* to take your part,
And at the POET, as a Demon, start;
Just like a horse or ass at some wild beast
Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This LOYALTY's a bird of passage, Sire;
Likes the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God save the King."
But be in trouble, Sir, soon, very soon
The JADE will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your Lords are like the birds of May,
Crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, so gay;
But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
Where are the pretty birds with note so bland?
Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praise they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
Instead of FAME's perfume, so passing sweet,
Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
To beg HYPOCRISY to mould each feature—

Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
Kick'd, cur-like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
And that you never *see my fancy'd Cur*.
Indeed, Sir !!! then I strongly do surmise
On levee-days you always *shut your eyes*.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN VIRGIL shipp'd himself for Greece;
Whether to 'scape the Bailiffs, I can't tell—
Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
But HORACE wrote an Ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
With Roman Quality, no hist'ries know it;
But HORACE swore she might as well be damn'd,
As show her nose again without the Poet:
In the same verse he breath'd a pious wish
To blust'ring Boreas, and the King* of Fish.

Now if a Bard, and that a Heathen too,
Could offer verse to make old OCEAN quiet,
Instruct the great King NEPTUNE *who was who*
And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *Christian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
So oft with valuable people stow'd,
That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch!
That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n
forbid!

* Neptune.

Whether commanded by brave CAPTAIN FINCH,
Or equally tremendous CAPTAIN KIDD.

Go, with thy cargo—Margate town amuse;
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'st within the Pier,
All Margate will be out, I trow,
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.

O VENUS, Queen of ev'ry kissing joy,
Beneath thy soft protection take the Hoy;
Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little LOVES, and blooming GRACES,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should OCEAN, hostile to the soft DESIRES,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend JOHNSON—MESDAMES WINDSOR,
KELLY,
Who for the Public, let me tell ye,
And through St. James's street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
Oft lead their lovely gigling Tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
Or three protecting Ducks, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping—
Great were the loss of Gentlefolks from WAPPING,
Who, fond of travel, unto MARGATE roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At MARGATE how like Quality they strut!

Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
To such like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
 With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
 Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
 Like mighty CHARLES of SWEDEN, with their
 thumbs.

But, Hov, inform me—who is SHE on board,
 That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord,
 With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
 Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with
 corn—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
 Which, roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
 With also a bright petticoat of pink,
 To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
 As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
 Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
 In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
 And loaded much like curtain-rods with rings?
 Yes, who is she that with a squinting eye
 Surveys poor passengers that sick'ning sigh;
 Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
 Deserted by the blooming smiling GRACES;
 'That, reaching o'er thy side so doleful throw
 'The stomach's treasure to the fish below?

'Tis MADAM BACON, proud of wordly goods,
 Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth,
 made wigs;
 Who, having by her tongue destroy'd poor SUDS,
 Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! she speaks! extremely like a man!
 Raising a furious tempest with her fan—
 " Why, Captain, what a beastly ship! good God!
 " Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd!

" Why,

“ Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings !
 “ For heav’n’s sake, Captain, stop the creature’s
 sp-w-gs.”

Now hark ! the Captain answers— “ Mistress BACON,
 “ I own I can’t be with *such matters* taken ;
 “ I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;
 “ But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,
 “ A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
 “ Poor souls, to bung their mouths—’twere like a
 Jew.”

Majestic Mistress BACON speaks agen!—

“ *Folks* have no bus’ness to make others sick :
 “ I don’t know, Mister Captain, what you mean
 “ About your Jews, and bowels of *Old Nick* :—
 “ If all your cattle will *such* hubbub keep,
 “ I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.
 “ Some folks have dev’lish dainty guts, good Lord !
 “ What bus’ness have *such* cattle here aboard ?
 “ *Such gang* indeed to foreign places roam !
 “ ’Tis more becoming them to sp-w at home.”

But hark ! the Captain *properly* replies—

“ Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes !
 “ God blefs us, Mistress BACON ! who are *you* ?
 “ Zounds, *Ma’am*, I say, my Passengers *shall* sp-w.

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A TALE.

Dedicated to Lord Hawkefbury.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad* ;
 And therefore I must take their part ;
 But ’tis their servants that are drunk or mad,
 With ev’ry demon trick and little art.

Cham.

Champions for Master's fame, they fire away;
And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead*!
Sometimes a King discovers he has eyes—
Then for himself he fees—now that is wise.

Once on a time a LION, not a fool,
Though in the under class of WISDOM's school,
Amidst his subjects had a Monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his Sov'reign's foibles off,
Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the scheming WOLF was quite a feast,
Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's finning,
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble beast.

“What, what, what doth he say?” the LION cry'd.—

“Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied,”
Rejoin'd the Wolf with brazen face—

“He says that you to Merit are no friend,

“And only to a Patronage *pretend*;

“And flight th' *inferiors* of the Brutal Race.

“He swears you don't encourage useful beasts:

“That for *yourself* alone you're making feasts;

“And that it is beyond a question,

“No beast has such a wonderful digestion;

“That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,

“And only think of number *one*;

“And that it is a sin indeed and shame

“My LADY LIONESS should do the same;

“That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,

“Are really all the company you keep;

“That beasts of talents, whom you should support,

“Are all forbid to show their nose at Court.

What?”

What?" quoth the MONARCH—"what, what? doth he so?"—

"Yes," SIRE, "now hang him, and the rogue requite."

"WOLF," quoth the LION, "no, no, no, no, no,—
"I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right*."

Now this was noble—like a King, in *sooth*—
Who scorn'd to choak a subject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A FABLE.

ALL JUDGES should be mild and just:
This is the case with *English ones*, I trust:
Such K***, B***, shine—those rare law-sages:
Neither of *these* à rash or hot-brain'd fool—
Most charming dove-like Imps of MERCY's school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages—
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,
To see such *goodly* men upon the Bench,
Whom none can with a single murder brand;
Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
Dar'd dictate, brow-beat, and control the Juries;
Nor wilful misinterpreted the Law:
Full well they know that Juries are *above 'em*!
And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em*!
When Judge and Jury thus together draw

With

With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!
No tongue cries, "JEFFRIES, bloody JEFFRIES,
SCROGS!

"Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs!

"Nor in their beds be they allow'd to die—

"Nor let their putrid carcases have graves:

"Slap PITY's face, if e'er she bids her eye

"Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,

And honour'd with their high fam'd fathers sleep:

Fair JUSTICE shall with sighs their herse attend,

And PITY's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourn'd away,

And load of DEATH the solitary glooms,

Lo! GLORY from her sun shall pluck a ray,

And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations have been curs'd with wicked Judges,

Who, fond of pow'r, possess'd hard jury-grudges;

Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,

Just as an Eastern Despot sends his slaves.

For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale;

Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* Beasts most bitterly complain'd,

(And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)

That from the Wolves much hardship they sustain'd,

And often most inhumanly were bitten.

This wantonness DAME JUSTICE did cry, "fie" on—

And mention'd it but vainly, to the LION.

"Those damn'd furr'd rascals!" growl'd the angry
Beasts,

"Each Wolf upon our meat continual feasts;

"Yet

“ Yet *Snap*’s the word, and quick off goes a head:
 “ We must take out their teeth—it can’t be borne—
 “ Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn:—
 “ Behold, the very fields with blood are red.”

But first the BEAR must be consulted.—BRUIN,
 Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
 With his black hide, to all the Beasts appear’d,
 And with much gravity their story heard.

“ Sirs,” (quoth the BEAR) you talk of taking teeth
 With such an easy and familiar breath,
 As though it might be pleasant to their jaws;
 But I must ask the Wolves if they’ll consent
 That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent;
 For this is necessary, Sirs, because
 The Wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
 Before *RUSPINI’s call’d, will ask a *wherefore*.

BRUIN, in consequence, the Wolves address:

“ LORD WOLVES, it is the wish of many a beast,
 “ That you consent your teeth may all be pull’d;—
 “ D-mn me if I would lose my snags, my Lords;
 “ I’d tell the knaves so, in so many words—
 “ God d-mn me, of one’s grinders to be GULL’d!

“ What! lose our teeth?” exclaim’d the WOLVES—

“ no, no—

“ We’ll keep them, if it only be for *show*.—

“ Say, my LORD BRUIN, that, and let them *chew*
 it—

“ Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,

“ Sharper, and more of them, and stronger;

“ And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it.

This answer of the WOLVES, LORD BEAR reported:

Which answer did not please the Beasts at all;

Who slighted, now no longer *pray’d* and *courted*,

But on the villians fast began to fall,

Choak’d two or three *prime Rogues*, and, on condition,
 Receiv’d from all th’ affrighted rest, *submission*.

* The Chevalier, a famous dentist.

THE
TEARS OF ST. MARGARET.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

OR, THE

TEARS OF SAINT MARGARET.

NOW NIGHT, the negro, reign'd—" Past one
o'clock,"
The drowly watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The sunk, the wearied eye of TOIL, was clos'd:
Mute, NATURE's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While HORROR, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour—
Now from her silver-fringed east the MOON
Peep'd on the VAST of shade—up-mounting flow,
In solemn stillness, till her lab'ring orb,
Freed from the caves of DARKNESS, gain'd its sphere,
And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious MAID,
Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones work'd marvels when she smil'd no more—
The pensive MARGARETTA stalk'd, and paus'd,
And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd agen;
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd;
And leaning lorn at murder'd RALEIGH's tomb,

OF SILENCE wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
With plaintive accent, thus——

MARGARET's LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, should'ring
My poor Fane with Gothic pride,
Cracking, sinking, falling, mould'ring,
On the back of Marg'ret ride ?

What is that huge Ruin's merit ?
Only fit for housing rats.
Be her guests, with all my spirit,
Hooting owls, and horrid bats !

Why am *I* to be despis'd,
Why am *I* to be kept under ;
I who once by Kings was priz'd ?
What's the meaning on't, I wonder ?

I whose pow'r could agues charm,
Fits and tooth-achs, cramps and evils ;
Satan's wicked self disarm ;
Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for past years,
At each grand Commemoration,
For DIRECTORS boasted *Peers*—
Peers the glory of the Nation !

Who were my Directors ? Lo,
DOCTOR PARSONS, JUSTICE COLLIC;
ARNOLD and DUPUIS and Co.
What a very pretty frolic !

But 'tis said the *KING* commanded,
And the Grand DIRECTORS fell :
By the *KING* were they disbanded ?
FAME will blush he tale to tell.

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder ?)
To the first of rhiming men ;
To that Giant PETER PINDAR —
He shall hear—and then, and then !!

PETER in his wrath shall rise,
And the scythe of verfe prepare ;
Lo, I see his lightning eyes !
Lo, his arm of vengeance bare !

Backs of Monarchs shall he slice,
As he scorns them so *sincerely*—
Woman need not ask him twice ;
PETER loves the ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the SAINT!—When MORN her blushes
spread,
To Convent-Garden's square she wing'd her flight,
And drew the curtains of the POET's bed,
Who fortunately slept *alone* that night:
To *him* she told her story o'er and o'er ;
When PETER, rous'd by MARG'RET's sad narration,
Pull'd of his night-cap, and devoutly swore
He'd roast a certain RULER of a nation.

SAINT MARG'RET thank'd the Bard with sweetest
smiles,
And PETER thunder'd on the KING of ISLES.

ODES OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

Delirant REGES, plestunter ACHIVI.

The KING was wroth ; and smelling matters out,
He put the GRAND DIRECTORS to the rout.

ODE I.

*The Poet breaks mournfully out on the fall of the Noble
Directors—Threatens to expostulate with the King—
Laments the loss of Direction-importance, boxes, white
wands, and dinners at the Saint Alban's Tavern,
&c. &c.*

POOOR LEEDS ! poor UXBRIDGE ! and poor JOAH
BATES !

And all the other poor ones, of hard fates !

'Tis a strange man this King of ours indeed—

There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs !

What ! raise an Oratorio at SAINT PEG'S,

And set a thing on foot without a bead !

What ! could the King have music in a church,

And leave the great DIRECTORS in the lurch ?

Ev'n so !—but lo, I'll parley with the King,

And such a peal into his ears I'll ring !

Thus will I say, howe'er it may disgust—

“ An't please your Majesty, you are *unjust*.”

“ How, how ?” the King will cry, with wild ra-
pidity—

“ Yes, SIRE, the grand Directors take it ill ;

“ Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,

“ And having all for crotchets, hawk-avidity ;

“ That they should lose the lead in this affair,

“ Which really makes them marvel, and so stare,

“ Not knowing what offence they have committed ;

“ Being a set of very clever men,

“ So stuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then

“ For Oratorios so nicely fitted !

R 2

“ Behold

- " Behold ! no boxes for DIRECTORS ! no !
 " Who at the ABBEY form'd a raree-show,
 " With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands so white !
 " Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join ;
 " What's ten times worse, condemn'd to *pull out* COIN ;
 " Men so unus'd to pay a single doit !

 " When proud to view of Royalty the rays,
 " Your SUBJECTS had their bellies full of gaze,
 " Amid the Abbey's glory for past years ;
 " Then would they ponder on the white-stick row,
 " Of UXBRIDGE, GREY DE WILTON, LEEDS, and Co.
 " And, *next* to MAJESTY, admire the PEERS.

 ' Who's that slim, whey-fac'd Gentleman, and thin,
 ' With some old Gentlewoman's nose and chin ?
 ' And *be* so surly, with a fable face ?'
 " Would gaping strangers all so curious cry ;
 " When, all so solemn, I have made reply,
 ' *That* Lord is LEEDS's very noble Grace,

 ' With lath-like form, whey face, and cheeks so thin,
 ' And good old Gentlewoman's nose and chin—
 ' And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
 ' Is EARL OF UXBRIDGE, with his face of night.'
 " And then I've told the names of all the rest ;
 " At which the strangers have been all so *blest*,
 " Bow'd, curtsy'd low, so grateful—I don't doubt it,
 " They told their dear relations *all about it* !

 " No more DIRECTORS challenge admiration !
 " No more the tuneful rulers of a nation !
 " Unknown in *vulgar* seats they bite their thumbs ;
 " Now half awake they nod, and now they sleep,
 " And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
 " And mumble much displeasure midst their gums.

 " Heav'ns ! with what huge delight their eyes would hail
 " The **breeches* blazing at SAINT MARG'RET's tail,

* POOR SAINT STEPHEN had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his lately ; but the SAINT luckily shook them off.

" Instead

- “ Instead of STEPHEN, who, to all belief,
 “ Poor fellow, must have travell'd with a brief ! *
 “ But, Sir, this is not all—for in your ear
 “ Something more horrible brings up the rear !
 “ No longer on the *tweddle-dum* account,
 “ At yon fair tavern in SAINT ALBAN's street,
 “ Those men of taste and music joyful greet,
 “ And load their stomachs to a large amount ;
 “ All for the good of the *poor* FUND, so kind !
 “ Now this is dreadful to my simple mind ;
 “ To think those TITLED MEN, whose valiant jaws,
 “ And stomachs all so keen, and deep as sacks,
 “ And teeth so valorous in feast attacks,
 “ So bravely battled in the tuneful cause,
 “ Should, by the royal word so hard commanded,
 “ Disgracefully be turn'd adrift—disbanded !
 “ I hear, I hear the angry Lords exclaim,
 “ Thus to be all discarded ! 'tis a shame—
 “ The royal mandate will be *cruel* styl'd—
 “ Behold CHURCHWARDENS, OVERSEERS so sleek !
 “ Read their card-invitations ev'ry week—
 “ Sir, you're desir'd to come and eat a child.*
 “ One child a week they constantly devour—
 “ Sometimes they eat two children—sometimes four—
 “ If thus those fellows live, the lazy drones,
 “ LORDS, of a *charity* may pick the bones ;
 “ Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
 “ Eat a *few fiddlers* once or twice a year.*
 “ Such is the language Lords employ, O King,
 “ Enough the hearts of savages to wring,
 “ An' make, I hope, your royal conscience ache—
 “ *Such* reas'nings are indeed extremely deep !
 “ Why should of *Lords* the teeth and stomachs sleep,
 “ Whilst those of keen *Churchwardens* are awake ? ”

* To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by fire.

Thus to the King of nations will I cry—
 But what will be his MAJESTY's reply?
 " Thank, thank ye, PETER, for supporting straws—
 " Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cause :
 " I'll have no more such doings, let me tell ye—
 " No, no, no eating calves in the cow's belly."

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

The POET very loyally calls upon ST. CECILIA, the great Patroness of Music, by way of JUSTICE OF PEACE, CONSTABLE, and COMFORTER, to come down from Heaven to the Noble DIRECTORS, issue a PROCLAMATION for dissolving Societies of Musical Instruments; taking them up, and knocking them to pieces, as also the heads of the Musicians against each other.—The Poet concludes with a Prophecy of returning Power to the DIRECTORS.

DIVINE CECILIA, pray, from Heav'n step down;
 Most wond'rous are the doings in this town!
 Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
 DIRECTORS banish'd, but no execution!
 Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor souls,
 Amid the mob, survey the streets on poles.

The fiddles screech with rapture one and all;
 The flutes and hautboys whistle at the fall:
 The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe!
 Glad of the long-wish'd overthrow, he opes,
 To shew the world his pleasure, all his stops,
 And pours his thunders through each giant pipe;

Whilst all his pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,
 Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling:
 The hoarse bassoons their nasal twang employ—
 And hog-like bases grunt the song of joy.

Like

Wild screams the trumpet's brazen note so clear ;
And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,
Like cannon foundeth on the loaded ear,
At solemn intervals, the double drum.

The various instruments of wind and string,
Thus to the world in saucy triumph sing—
“ What are those Lord-Directors?—arrant fools,
“ Mean mongrels—never bred in Music's schools—
“ With just as much of science as a pig ;
“ Who scarcely know a psalm-tune from a jig.
“ Are these the men to lead us?—Music swears,
“ And to the pill'ry recommends their ears.”

And lo, of Music the choice bands,
Delighted, clap their madding hands ;
And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,
“ Thank heav'n,” they roar, “ those *fellows* are
turn'd out.
“ No longer shall their tyranny impose,
“ And lead the King of Nations by the nose.”

Then, sweet CECILIA, leave thy lofty station ;
O haste and issue out thy Proclamation—
Of wond'rous danger let it talk aloud—
Root up societies of flutes, bassoons ;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious BAND
Thy powerful and chastising hand—
And for their impudent and senseless pother,
Sweet GODDESS, knock one head against another.

O haste and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
As scarce a single mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty family of pride,
Few are the comforters they boast beside—

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout ;
Friends that few Nobles ever are *without* :

Here.

Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and estate.

And yet 'tis said no virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling SPIRIT, PRIDE;
That Aconite, the noisome weed of gloom,
That near it suffers not a flow'r to bloom.

Joy to my soul! of LEEDS his glorious Grace
Puts forth a simpering sweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
"Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
"Next year shall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
"When Faction's scowling fiends shall shun the day."

Thus when the MONARCH of the winds, in spite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous ORB the world adorning,
SOL lifts the fable mantle of a cloud,
And peeping underneath the envious shroud,
Smiles hope, and says, "I'll shine to-morrow morn-
ing."

O D E.

The Bard advises the DIRECTORS to submit to their degraded situation; and, by way of consolation, informs them of the fallen state of the Poets—and, moreover, comforts the DIRECTORS with the changes that take place amongst crowned as well as un-crowned heads.

YET not alone are you by Kings despis'd;
Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay;
That scorn'd of TIME the ever-dreaded wars,
Turn'd winking rush-lights into blazing stars,
And stole from frail mortality, decay!

Poets

POETS, with that rare instrument call'd RHIME,
 Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of TIME;
 Snapp'd his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
 Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an ass:
 Such was the envied pow'r of ancient BARDS,
 When Kings vouchsaf'd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the BARDS, were sacred creatures,
 Deem'd so exalted in their natures!

By numbers thought fit company for Gods!
 Lo, at the feasts of Kings the MINSTRELS sat;
 Eat, sung, and mingled in the royal chat;
 And scarcely did there seem a grain of odds.

Thus cried those Kings of old, (delightful praise!)
 "Touch not the men of other days;
 "Hurt not a hair of those sweet sons of song,
 "Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
 "When we, amidst of death the narrow walls,
 "In gloomy silence shall be stretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate;

They paid no taxes to the State!

Now comes a Butcher, roaring "Pay your bill;"
 Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
 And man of bread, approach and cry, "Look here;
 "Not one more morsel, not a single gill,
 "Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
 "Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat."
 Unnatural! alas, what Gothic sounds!
 Thus 'tis the rude PROFANE a Poet wounds!

At Windsor, when the Monarch has been by,
 How have I languish'd on the royal sty,

Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs!

But never had the King the grace to say,

"You're hungry, hungry, PETER—take away,

"Take, take a couple of the prettiest pigs."

Oft of his geese too have I heard the notes,

And, hungry, wish'd to stop their gobbling throats;

But vainly did mine eyes around them wander—

How

How easily the Monarch might have said,
 " You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid ;
 " Take, take away the fattest goose or gander."

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
 This is their speech in secret, " Sing and starve."

And yet our Monarch has a world of books,
 And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks ;
 So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine,
 He fears to open them to read a line !

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
 The *Authors* surely might command esteem—
 But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
 Some Kings prefer the *Binder* to the *Poet*.

Yet though it never was poor PETER's fate
 To get a fixpence from the MAN OF STATE,
 Who rather tries to keep the Poet's under—
 Oft have I dipp'd in golden praise the pen,
 Writing *such handsome things* about great men,
 That CANDOUR's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.

Yet *had* it *happen'd* that the BARD
 Had borne on high-bred folk a *little bard* ;
 Good for an *evil* mortals should return—
 Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
 The *sun*'s a bright example, let me say—
 Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray ;
 Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
 And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
 And, afs-like, at a *revolution* bray ;
 Lo, *King's themselves*, like cabbages, grow cheap :
 Thus ev'ry dog at last will have his day—
 He who this morning *smil'd*, at night may *sorrow* ;
 The *grub* to-day's a *butterfly* to-morrow.

ODE.

*The POET administers comfort to the disgraced Di-
RECTORS.*

POOOR Imps ! we all are born, at times to groan !
MISFORTUNE won't let HAPPINESS alone ;
Sharp as a cat for ever pleas'd to watch her,
And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Still must we all submit—it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal state !

Yet by our folly often worse we make it.—
At disappointment frequent have I sigh'd :
“ P-x take the world ! ” indignant I have cry'd—
“ Life is not worth the terms on which we take it.”

Then on the lot of mortals did I scowl ;
And angry thus, one night, address'd an OWL.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

“ THOU solemn BIRD on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
“ Wilt thou exchange thy nature OWL with me ?
“ Happy to take possession of thy bow'r,
“ I here protest I would exchange with thee.”

“ When to his western bed the SUN retires.
“ Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires ;
“ When EVENING, blushful harbinger of NIGHT,
“ Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r ;
“ With cooling zephyrs fans the sober hour,
“ And wakes the myriads to the fading light ;

Forth

“ Forth, with what happiness I pass
 “ Amid the moist reviving grass,
 “ To meet the tribes by NATURE made,
 “ To crawl and wing the world of shade !

“ Daughters and sons of Night that creep the ground,
 “ Blest must ye live, with such a calm around,
 “ So unmolested, to enjoy your loves !
 “ And *lighter* PEOPLE, ye who spread the wing,
 “ Now mid the moon’s pale lustre sport and sing,
 “ Now playful pierce the shadows of the groves.

“ Ye harmless nations, with averted eyes,
 “ The sons of men your silent world despise,
 “ Because their eyes *no* punch-houses behold ;
 “ Because *no* mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear ;
 “ Because *no* riots with their yells they hear ;
 “ *No* brothels, scenes of fallow fate unfold.

“ Sweet Owl, this short apostrophé excuse ;
 “ And willing now to *thee* returns the MUSE.

“ O Bird of Wisdom, ’mid the twilight scene
 “ Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien—
 “ And now I see expand thy snowy wings :
 “ To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
 “ Thou rushest forth to call upon Miss OWL,
 “ Expectant of her BEAU, who darkling sings.

“ Together now ye sail the dusky vale,
 “ Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale ;
 “ Now on the moon-clad barn or silent grove,
 “ Your four hands fill’d with various game, ye go
 “ (For hunger must be satisfied I trow) ;
 “ And, after feasting, kiss and sing of love.

“ To-morrow fullen must I move to town,
 “ Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
 “ For want, O Owl, of thy soft gliding wing—
 “ Stow’d with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls ;
 “ Too noisy for the thickest human skulls—
 “ Who smook, and laugh, and roar, and swill, and sing.

- " Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive ;
 " Fatigu'd, at busy London I arrive,
 " Parent of fin, and nastiness, and noise :
 " By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
 " Through motley mob I force my fighting way ;
 " Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers boys ;
 " Saluted, as I pass along,
 " By all the various imps of song,
 " *This* crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,
 " *Another* mackrel, salmon, oyster, sprat !
 " With such a howling ear-distracting note,
 " And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
 " That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cried,
 " A man might leap into each cavern throat.
 " In Covent Garden, in the HUMMUM's, now
 " I sit, but after many a curse and vow
 " Never to see the madding city more ;
 " Where barrows truckling o'er the pavements roll,
 " And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
 " Where asses asses greeting, love-songs roar ;
 " Which asses, that the Garden's square adorn,
 " Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.
 " Let others talk with wild affright
 " Of horrors and the shades of night :
 " You want not SOL's refulgent painful ray ;
 " Night to your eyes is but a milder day.
 " Let others mock your airs that simply flow—
 " *Teebo tee-whit, tee-whit teebo—*
 " But then, dear OWL, 'tis *sweetly* simple, mind :
 " Avaunt the *scientific* squall—
 " I hate it—*nature* hates it all—
 " But lo ! 'tis *science* and the *ton*, I find.
 " The ear with *barsh chromatics* must be *teas'd*,
 " Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleas'd*.

" Here could I wander 'mid the dewy glade,
 " On sacred silence feast, and shade :
 " But ah ! farewell—rest calls me—'tis night's
 noon ;
 " On wings of freedom as thou sweep'st the sky,
 " Sweet child of shadows, o'er my hamlet fly,
 " And kindly soothe my slumber with a tune."

Thus out of humour I address'd the bird,
 Wishing to change conditions with the fowl ;
 But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
 I lik'd the *man-state* better than the *owl*.

Thus anger'd at the wayward tricks of Fate,
 Pettish you wish your grandeur at the devil ;
 Yet, after cursing *high* and *mighty* state,
 You wisely deem it not so *huge* an *evil* :

Contented to be *men of worship* still,
 Pleas'd with the gifts that *Kings*, not *Heav'n* bestow ;
 Proud, from the height of *TITLE's* star-clad hill,
 To mock us poor *unhonour'd* grubs below.

O D E.

*The POET comforteth again and again and again the noble
 DIRECTORS with moral reflections, &c.*

'TIS giv'n as gospel both in prose and rhimes,
 That people should not be for ever blest ;
 Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
 A salutary, though satiric guest ;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of SLOTH ;
 Like gout, that bites us into health so fair ;
 Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
 It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let those funs, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual show'rs—
Let PLEASURE bring the beam of summer skies,
And gild the pinions of your fable hours.

Let not GRIEF's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor FANCY gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah ! sigh no more, sweet Lords, pray sigh no more !
Not all, not all your consequence is dead ;
In Tot'nam-street you still preserve a pow'r,
And proudly bear an elevated head ;

Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Musicians learn to tremble at the *Lord.

O D E.

The Vicissitudes of Life, wonderful !

L IFE changes—now 'tis calm—now hurricane—
Up, down, down up—a very windmill's vane
Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball ;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Just as its *wooden master* wills, the bat—
Thus MAJESTY can bid us rise or fall.

The Monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, so soft, at your dismissal bleed.
To House of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
And at the Queen's sweet little concerts sing ;
Then how the tribe of NOBLES will be gall'd !
This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.

* Of the Knight, who selects the music, and sometimes gives a *soprano* song to a *base voice*, and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.

Thus to the world then be it understood,
What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good*:
This from my rhyming store-house, or my *stable*.
May be elucidated by a *Fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF, that long had press'd—
The snows of Laura's swelling breast,
O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
And pretty modest leering eyes,
Had often often been observ'd to hover—

This Handkerchief to Kitty giv'n,
Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,
And enter a Jew clothes-man's ample bag—
O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
To sweat in such a horrid hole,
With ev'ry sort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you*?" the plaintive 'Kerchief cry'd,
Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side:

"You swell as though your master was a *pig*—

"What are you? tell me, stinking creature."—

"Ma'am,"

The hairy neighbour grave replied, "I am

"The most tremendous great Judge BULLER's Wig."

"Indeed, Sir! O how chang'd our fate!

"How diff'rent were we both of late!

"Now to be lodg'd in this vile place—

"What will become of us at last? O dear,

"Something more terrible than this, I fear;

"Something that carries huge disgrace."

"Madam,"

- “ Madam, rejoin’d the Wig, “ don’t cry,
 “ No cause have you indeed to sigh;
 “ So trust for once a Wig’s prophetic words—
 “ My fate is to be just the same, I find;
 “ Still for a Scarecrow’s head design’d,
 “ To frighten all the thieves—the birds.
- “ But, luckier, *you* so chang’d will rise,
 “ A fav’rite of ten thousand eyes;
 “ Not burnt (as you suppos’d perhaps) to tinder;
 “ Chang’d to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
 “ For *him*, the BARD who like a God conceives,
 “ The great, th’ immortal PETER PINDAR.”
- “ La, Sir, then what a piece of news!
 “ God blefs, I say, God blefs the Jews—
 “ I wish my dear dear Mistress did but know it:
 “ Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
 “ For MADAM always did maintain
 “ That MISTER PINDER was a *charming* Poet.”

O D E.

Still more Comfort for DIRECTORS!

ONCE more I pray you, be not sad;
 Remember what the Proverb doth declare:
 ’Tis better riding on a pad,
 Than on a horse’s back that’s bare.
 At Tot’nam’s concert, to delight ye—
 Behold, my Lords, you still are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of *Lord*,
 What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
 It is a tradesman’s handsome board,
 In letters fair of gold that doth impart
 To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
 What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *Lord*
 Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule—
 And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
 As nods of *LORDS* are dinners for a *fool*.

“ I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,”
 Cried the proud *PHARISEE*, the bellows
 Or trumpet of his reputation, blowing—
 And you in triumph also may exclaim,
 Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
 With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,

“ I thank my stars, I am not like the *mob*,
 “ Whom *NATURE* fabricated by the *job*.”

You shall, you shall return to pow'r,
 And o'er the grumbling million tow'r ;
 Your sacred laws shall be obey'd —
 Musicians to allegiance *must* return—
 In sackloth and in ashes mourn ;
 Submitting, if you will it, to be flead.

Their eyes so fierce, that flash'd like tin reflectors,
 As though they meant to roast the Grand Directors,
 Shall from their meteor fury fade away—
 Becoming mild and placid as the light
 Shed by the *WORM*, the lamp of dewy night,
 Or *LUNA*'s modest melancholy ray.

Yes! to your noble hearts delight,
 With waving wands and gloves so white,
 And gilt medallions blest, shall ye appear ;
 Smile at us *Mob*, the many-headed beast ;
 And, as you seem to like a *gratis*-feast,
 Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN,

OR,

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

A T A L E.

The following story, founded on a fact that happened some years since, at the SWAN at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illustrate the meaning of eating a child, mentioned in the First Ode.

AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, at a tavern, call'd the SWAN,
Churchwardens, Overseers, a jolly clan,
Order'd a dinner, for themselves and friends—
A very handsome dinner, of the best :
Lo ! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were dress'd—
Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks ;
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,
That stopp'd so close and lovingly the bottle :
Thou *Savoir-vivre*, Club, and *je n'sais qui*,
Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
The landlord was as busy as a bee—
Yes, LARDER skipp'd like harlequin so light ;
In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wishes—
Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleasant—as the TRENCHER HEROES hate
All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockies on a running horse
Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay,

Nay, here's a solid reason too ; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind* :
Whatever therefore weak'neth *wind* and *jaws*,
 Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having well cramm'd, and swill'd, and laugh'd, and
 fung,
 And toasted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
 And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
 Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
 Not *wives* !—not *one* was toasted all the time—
 Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
 As *wives* are delicate and sacred names,
 Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames :

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
 And ev'ry one with wine had fill'd his skin,
 In came the Landlord with a cherub smile :
 Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
 Was vastly *happy*—*honour'd*—vastly *proud*—
 And then he bow'd again in *such* a style !

“ Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine : ”
 To whom the *Gemmen* answer'd “ Very fine !
 “ A glorious dinner, *LARDER*, to be sure. ” —
 To which the Landlord, laden deep with bliss,
 Did with his bows so humble almost kiss
 The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
 Unto the Landlord full of smiles and suavity,

Did MISTER GUTTLE the Churchwarden call—
 “ Come hither, *LARDER*, ” said soft MISTER GUTTLE,
 With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—
 “ *LARDER*, a little word or two, that's all. ”

Forth ran th' obedient Landlord with good will,
 Thinking most nat'rally upon the bill.

“ Landlord, ” (quoth GUTTLE, in a soft fly sound,
 Not to be heard by any in the room,

Yet

Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)

“Do you know any thing of BETTY BROOM?”

“Sir?” answer’d LARDER, stamm’ring—“Sir? what, Sir?”

“Yes, Sir, yes—yes—she liv’d with MISTRESS LARDER;

“But may I never move, nor never stir,

“If but for *impudence* we did discard her!

“No, *Mister* GUTTLE—BETTY was too brassy—

“We never keep a *servant* that is faucy.”

“But, Landlord—BETTY says she is with child.”—

“What’s that to *me*?” quoth LARDER, looking wild—

“I never kiss’d the hussy in my life,

“Nor hugg’d her round the waist, nor pinch’d her cheek;

“Never once put my hand upon her neck—

“Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a wife.

“Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—

“I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:

“A little puling chit, as white as paste;

“I’m sure that never suited with *my* taste.

“But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*

“I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,

“My wife hath got the curfed’st keenest nose,

“Why, zounds, she would have catch’d me in a crack;

“Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—

“Curse her! she always watch’d me like a cat.

“Then, as I say BET did not hit my taste,

“It was impossible to be unchaste:—

“Therefore it never can be true, you see—

“And Mistress LARDER’s *full enough* for me.”

“Well,”

"Well," answer'd GUTTLE, "Man, I'll tell ye what—

"Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :

"Whether Miss BETTY hit your *taste* or not,

"There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *tasting*."

"And, LARDER, you've a wife, 'tis very true,

"Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;

"But BETTY *was not* a bad piece of stuff."—

"Well, *Mister* GUTTLE, may I drop down dead,

"If ever once I crept to BETTY's bed !

"And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."

"But, LARDER, all *your* swearing will not *do*,

"If BETTY swears that she's with child by *you*.

"Now BETTY came and said she'd *swear* at once—

"But *you* know best—yet mind, if BETTY'll *swear*,

"And then again ! should MISTRESS LARDER *bear*,

"The Lord have mercy, LARDER, on thy sconce."

"Why, man, were this affair of BETTY tole her,

"Not all the dev'ls in hell would hold her."

"Then there's your modest stiff-rump'd neighbours all—

"There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a squall !—

"You could not put your nose into a shop—

"There's lofty Mistress WICK, the chandler's wife,

"And Mistress BULL, the butcher's imp of strife,

"With Mistress BOBBIN, SALMON, MUFF, and SLOP,

"With fifty others of such old *compeers*—

"Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears !"

From cheerful smiles, and looks, like SOL so bright,
Poor LARDER fell to looks as black as night ;

And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,

Never look down, so black, and scratch the head ;

But, tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,

Replying.

Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.—

TRUTH is a tow'ring DAME—divine her air;
In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:
But FALSEHOOD is a meretricious Fair,
Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with RESOLUTION's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking shew when tongues tell lies—
With LARDER this was verily the case:
Informers were the eyes of LARDER's face.

“Well, Sir,” said LARDER, whisp'ring, hemming,
ha-ing,
Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—
“This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say—
“Sir, please t' accept a note of twenty pound;
“Contrive *another* Father may be found;
“And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay.”

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a pother?
GUTTLE next morning went and talk'd to BETTY,
When BETTY swore the bantling to *another**.

* By this ingenious mode of Parish Cookery, the same child may
be devoured a dozen times over.

ODES
TO
KIEN LONG,

The present Emperor of China.

A LETTER
TO THE
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Dear KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* POTENTATE upon earth, GEORGE THE THIRD being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made verses. Thy praises of MOUKDEN, thy beautiful little Ode to TEA, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.

Praise from a BARD of my poetic spirit,
Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says VIRGIL?

*“Temtanda via est quâ me quoque possim
“Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.”*

What,

What, likewise, **Lucretius** ?

" *Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Mæse.*"

What, also, **Ovid** ?

" *Jamque opus exegi,*" &c.

What, moreover, **Horace** ?

" *Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.

What, **Ennius** ?

" *Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera flutu,*" &c.

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, **Homer**, in his delightful **Hymn**, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote ?

— τίς δ' ὕμνον ἀνὴρ ἦδ' ἄνθρωπος Αἰοιδῶν
Ἐνθάδ'· πωλεῖται ; καὶ τίω τέρπειθε μάλιχα :
Τυφρὸς ἀνὴρ· οἰκεῖ δὲ χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοῖσσι·
Τὴ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριευνέουσιν Αἰοδαί.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate :

Should **CURIOSITY** at times enquire
Who strikes with sweetest art the **MUSE**'s lyre ;
This be thine answer—" A poor man, stark blind,
" An aged minstrel that at **CHIOS** dwells,
" Who sells and sings his works, and sing and sells,
" And leaves all other poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism ; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers ?

Now to the point.—As **LORD MACARTNEY**, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms ; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the **GREAT KIEN LONG**, and the no less celebrated **PETER PINDAR** ? Thou art a man of rhymes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—

so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name, and *thine*, let us surprise the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to shew thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,
Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,
P. P.

*From my study, Calend. Marti,
Die Saturni, 1. 92.*

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

Ανα Πατριον δειν, &c.

ANACREON.

“Yes, let us strike the lyre, and sing, and rhyme;
“By far the wisest way of spending time.”
Lo SAYS ANACREON, my dear KIEN LONG;
Let BRITAIN then, and CHINA, hear *our* song.

ODE I.

PETER complimenteth KIEN LONG on his poetical talent,
and condemneth the want of literary taste in Western
Kings.

DEAR EMP'OR, PRINCE OF POETS, noble BARD,
Thy brother PETER sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, PETER telleth thee, that for a King,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhimes.

Witness thy MowKDEN*, which we all admire ;
 Witness thy pretty little Ode to TEA,
 Compos'd when sipping by thy Tartar fire ;
 Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good KIEN LONG,
 Vast is my pleasure that the Muse's song
 Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves ;
 Still greater, that the *first* of Eastern Kings
 Should praise in rhyme the Tartar vales and springs,
 And pay a tuneful tribute to the LOVES.

Yet how it hurts my classic soul, to find
 Some Western Kings to poetry unkind !
 What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
 Charade, or rebus, or conundrum ;—still
 Those Kings might shew towards them some good will,
 And nobly patronise Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, “ How go sheep a score ?
 “ What, what's the price of bullock ? how fells
 “ lamb ?

“ I want a boar, boar, I want a boar ;
 “ I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram.”
 Whereas it should be this—“ I want a BARD,
 “ To cover him with honour and reward.”

Kings deem, ah me ! a grunting herd of swine
 Companions sweeter than the tuneful NINE ;
 Preferring to FAME's dome, a hog-stye's mire ;
 The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

“ Lord ! is it possible ? ” I hear thee groan—
 KIEN LONG, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne ;
 For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—
 MACARTNEY can inform thee all about it.

* A favourite city of the Emperor.

O D E II.

*More Compliments to the EMPEROR—A Dissertation on
THRONES, and Kings and Queens—A very proper At-
tack on the French Revolutionists—The fate of poor RE-
LIGION, prophesied—Also, of his Holiness the POPE—
More Lamentations on degraded ROYALTY.*

THOU art a second Atlas, great KIEN LONG ;
Supporting half th' unwieldly globe, so strong
But, Lord ! what pigmy souls to empire rise !
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

FORTUNE has too much pow'r in this same world—
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd !

A bug condemn'd to *fly* that scarce can *crawl* ;
A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great ALL-WISE most *wisely* put)
To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St. PAUL !

Unluckily most thrones are plac'd so high,
That Kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,
Hopping beneath them, like so many crows ;
Which subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder-making,
To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try ;
And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the skies, the KITES !

And yet I hate a FOOL upon a throne—
We have been happy hitherto, thank God ;
Now boys would burst with laughter, ev'ry one,
Were *monkey-schoolmasters* to hold the rod !

Yet

Yet much more mischief follows *royal* fools,
As *realms* are on a larger scale than *schools*—
Th' AMERICANS provide against all this :
Which *certain Gentlefolk* take much amiss !

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
In generosity, and such like things,
And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
Are for the *subject* a rare happy matter ;
And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
We BRITONS are most lucky in a *Queen*.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,
And treating Monarchs as so many logs ;
Whereas it is in Courts, as in a pond,
Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of Sovereigns cry,
Rending with vile disloyalty the sky :

“ *When* will the lucky day be born that brings
“ A bridle for the intolerance of Kings ?
“ Too slowly moves, alas ! the loitering hour !
“ *When* will those TYRANTS cease to fancy MAN
“ A fawning *dog* in Providence's plan,
“ Ordain'd to lick the blood-stain'd rod of Pow'r ?”

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
The man who contradicts me, is a Zany.
Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg ;
Curst with an av'rice, some would shave an egg.
And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forc'd to see and hear.

Great is the change of late ! such horrid scenes,
Such little rev'rence both for Kings and Queens !

Thus cry the Frenchmen, seldom over nice—
“ We want NO SCEPTER'D PLUNDERERS of States ;
“ Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
“ Than capable of catching mice.

“ Death to their parasites—we’ll have no more
 “ Leeches that suck the heart’s blood of the poor.
 “ Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, those Pagan
 “ *Jesses*,
 “ False gods!—away with stars, and strings, and
 “ crosses!”

The French are very wicked, I declare;
 They raise upon one’s head, one’s very hair;
 So much those fellows Majesty abuse—
 Of Royalty the purple robe so grand,
 Which seizes the deep rev’rence of a land,
 They to a malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

“ Out with State-pickpockets!” they cry aloud:
 “ Death to the rav’nous eagles,” cries the crowd,
 “ That happy hover o’er a PEOPLE’s groan;
 “ Thieves, in the plunder of an empire drest;
 “ FLATT’RY’S vile carrion flies, on Kings that feast;
 “ Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones!

“ The DUSTMAN in his cart that hourly slaves,
 “ Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
 “ Tow’rs far superior to those titled knaves,
 “ In coaches glitt’ring with a kingdom’s spoils!

The old *sic volo*, that with thund’ring sound,
 Rous’d all the provinces of France around,
 (And if great things we may compare to small,
 Just like the boatswain’s whistle, that makes skip
 The jovial fellows of a ship)
 This great *sic volo* is not heard at all—

To *bumbler* phrases chang’d by some degrees;
 “ With your good leave, Messieurs”—“ Sirs, if you
 “ please.”

Yes, savage are the FRENCH to Kings and Quality;
 Void of good manners—common hospitality—
 Barb’rous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones;

Make

Make just as much of Dukes as of a duck,
(Nobility has therefore shocking luck)
And dash an infant Prince against the stones.

Thus butchers calmly stick a sucking pig,
And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

RELIGION too is in a deep decline,
Her vot'ries treated like a herd of swine,
Rich reliques look'd upon as rotten lumber !
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number.

Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted Doctors foil the skill ?

RELIGION, who in France some years ago,
Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Ah ! sinking fast, 'tis thought she may expire ;
Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire,
Her pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer.

No longer are her priests to be maintain'd—
Thus is that horrid beast the Dev'l unchain'd,
That roaring Bull at once his triumph shows—
For, if not paid, what priests will prove their might,
Fight the good fight,
And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose ?

DEATH and the DEV'L, the smutty rogue, and SIN,
A pretty junto, are upon the grin ;
Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
If all the priests refuse to help a soul—

That

That most important contest then is o'er;
Pull DEV'L, pull PARSON, will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded pow'r RELIGION faints;
Alas! no more *old* bones shall make *new* Saints;
No more shall LENT, lean Lady, cry her fish;
No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
Despis'd the manger that our Lord supported,
His sacred pap spoon, and the Virgin's dish.

No absolutions, like potatoes, fold;
No purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd shoes,
Bag-wig and sword, a mob the Saviour * views—
Sold no certificates † of good behaviour.
To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

No more shall MIRACLE obtain applause,
Laugh at old TIME, and break Dame Nature's laws;
No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
Leap from the frying-pan, and swim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked Spirit steal to Rome,
And poison ev'ry sacred dome;
Reliques be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
The Pontiff to the *very workhouse* brought,
Or, what could never have been thought,
Plump'd with his triple crown into the Tyber:

There may we view him flound'ring wild about,
With not a SAINT he dubb'd to pull him out:

* Once a year this *fine* mummary is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Russia, narrow slips of paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the Bishop, are sold for about three-pence a-piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young God Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mama—this is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Christian."

The fair chaste quills, from angel wings procur'd,
 Be turn'd to uses not to be endur'd;
 To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
 To draw lewd figures, and deliver *smut* :

Melted the Church's sacred plate to mugs,
 To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
 To porringers the pipes* of sacred tunes,
 And silver Christs to cannisters and spoons.

Phials that held of saints the suffering sighs,
 Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
 Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
 Hold *aquafortis*, or reviling ink!

The VIRGIN's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
 Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—
 Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muffin, lace,
 Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
 That bark at Kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down!
 Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the Crown!

The WEARERS—some confin'd in jails so dread;
 Some shot—some poison'd with as much *sang-froid*,
 As though the Mob had merely been employ'd
 To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In *birth* the PUBLIC sees no kind of *merit*!
 Think of the present equalizing spirit!

Amidst the populace how rank it springs?
 Nay, from the palaces the VIRTUES fly,
 While boldly entering from their beastly sty,
 The vulgar PASSIONS rush to pig with *Kings*!

• Of the Organs.

ODE

O D E III.

The POET sweetly reproveth the EMPEROR for neglecting to turn a penny in an honest way, and demonstrateth the inconveniency of Generosity—proving that a mind on a broad scale may be productive of NARROW circumstances.

GREAT KING, thou never educatest swine,
Nor takest goslings under thy tuition ;
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
Like PHAROA'H's—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens ;
Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef :
Nor wool nor egg merchant, O King, art thou ;
Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief ;

Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King ;
I know that thou *despise*st such a thing ;
Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath—
Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying* cheap,
And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
An ounce of *blackguard**, or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which *some people* may deem strange)
Send Pages with a halfpenny for change ;
Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)
Cheat of his dues the Parson of PE-KIN.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler scale :
Each thought is generosity—a whale :

* A coarse snuff, so emphatically called.

Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
Thy soul a dome illumin'd by GRANDEUR's rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze ;
A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah ! KIEN LONG, thou never wilt be rich,
If generosity thy heart bewitch :

What says ECONOMY ? “ Let subjects groan,
“ Let MISERY's howl be music to thine ear—
“ Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
“ Fall printless on thy heart as on a stone.”

The souls of many Kings are vulgar entries,
With not a rufflight 'midst the dismal winding ;
A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, past finding—
HYPOCRISY and MEANNESS the two sentries.

AMBITION, that on riches casts its eyes,
Mounts on the tempest of a PEOPLE's sighs !
O Emp'ror, GENEROSITY's a fool—
She wants advice from *saving* WISDOM's school.

Look at a smiling field of grass ;
Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor ass,
Provided that you put, to spare the feast,
A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beast.
Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among scepter'd men.

Invite not a whole MILLION * to thine hunt :
Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt.
In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
The sport a half a dozen butchers share ;
Of smutty chimney-sweeps *perchance* a pair ;
With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What though 'tis not *quite royal*—still we boast
Of gaining glorious fun with little cost.
The pocket is a very serious matter—
Small beer allayeth thirst—nay, *simple water*.

* This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

The splendor of a chace, or feast, or ball,
Though strong, are passing, momentary rays—
The lustre of a little hour ; that's all—
While *guineas* with *eternal* splendor blaze.

ODE IV.

PETER breaketh out into a strange rhapsody, so unlike PETER, who christeneth himself the POET of the PEOPLE—He adviseth the EMPEROR to actions never practised by Kings!—Is it, or is it not, one continued vein of happy Irony?

GIVE nothing from thy privy purse away,
I say—
Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags run o'er,
Neglect or pension MERIT on the Poor.

*Give not to Hospitals—thy Name's enough :
To death-face FAMINE, not a pinch of snuff—
On WEALLA thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
And from thy very children steal their due.*

Should'st thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
Though sharp between *thyself* and *Death* the strife,
Give not the Page a *sous* that saves thy life.

Should Love allure thee to some FAIR-ONE's arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
And deluges thy panting heart with blisses;
Take not a *fixpence* from thy groaning chest,
To buy a ribbon for the fragrant chest,
That swell'd with all its ardour to thy kisses.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair ;
Buy not of mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
To shield her hands from frost, or SUMMER's ray :

Buy

Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor 'kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
And deck her on some rural holiday.
But suffer her in homely geer to *pine*,
In simple elegance where *others shine*.

Thou probably mayst answer, with a groan,
" What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
" Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
" Whilst trodden MERIT lifts her asking eyes.

" That calf, shall garish OSTENTATION grin,
" Deck'd by the sweat of LABOUR's sun-burnt skin,
" Poor cart-horse, envied e'en his *very oats*?
" Heav'ns! shall this Mummer OSTENTATION cry,
" Roast in the sun, thou MOB, in ashes lie;
" *Mine* be the guineas, SLAVE, and *thine* the groats.

" Mine be the luxury of wine and oil,
" Thine that I *condescend* to drink thy toil."
Ah! say'st thou thus?—dares honour this high pitch?
Then, noble EMP'ROR, thou wilt ne'er be *rich*.

Gold should not gather in a *subject's* chest—
The crew grows mutinous—it cannot rest;
It talketh of *equality*, indeed!
No, let the *Monarch's* bags and coffers hold
The flatt'ring, mighty, nay, *all-mighty* gold;
On this shall brawny POW'R his sinews feed;

Jove's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!
Enrich the realm, SUBORDINATION dies—
Wealth gives a wing that *dashes* at the *skies*.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
To let thy fav'rite Mandarin be told,
" The Emp'ror pants for money—hunt about:"
And should thy Minister, with impious breath,
Say, " SIRE, we've squeez'd the people nigh to death"—
Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the *boxel*,
 And count the royal treasure with a *shovel*!
 Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
 And hear of POVERTY the fruitless sighs!
 Grand, on their knees to see the million cow'r!
 Pale, starv'd submission is the *feast* of Pow'r.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, KIEN LONG, with speed:
 We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
 Nay, *some examples* also shall be brought,
 Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.

PRECEPT's a pigmy, hestick, weak, and slight;
 EXAMPLE is a giant in his might.
 Then, pr'ythee, to our EUROPE haste to stare;
 Lo, EUROPE shall produce thee *such a Pair*!
 A PAIR! to whom lean AV'RICE is a fool,
 And means to take a lesson from *their school*.

O D E V.

PETER *giveth an account of the Expedition of Lord MACARTNEY, and, contrary to the tenor of the preceding Ode, absolutely recommendeth GENEROSITY to the EMPEROR.*

KIEN LONG, our GREAT GREAT PEOPLE, and
 'SQUIRE PITT,
 Fam'd through the universe for *saving wit*,
 Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
 And now a vessel have they fitted out,
 Making for good KIEN LONG a monstrous rout,
 To trade, and beg, and ask about his health.

This, to my simple and *unconnying* mind,
 Seems economical and very kind!
 And now, great EMPEROR of China, say,
 What handsome things hast thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of WISDOM's schools—
 'Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving *Fools*.'

PITT

PITT shav'd *our* faces first, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful LAD,
Ambitious of the honour, seemeth mad
To try this razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

THEE as a *generous* Prince we all regard;
For ev'ry present, lo, returning *double*—
'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward
The *ship* and LORD MACARTNEY for their trouble.

And now to GEORGE and CHARLOTTE what the presents?

No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheasants;
Such gifts will put the palace in a sweat—
For God's sake send us nothing that can *eat*.

“What gifts, I wonder, will thy KING and QUEEN
“Send to KIEN LONG?” thou cry'st.—Not much, I
ween;

They can't afford it; they are very poor—
And though they shine in so sublime a station,
They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
So wide of Charity their neat *trap-door!!!

Our King may send a dozen cocks and hens;
Perhaps a pig or two of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of turkies from his pens;
Perhaps a duck of his own feeding—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen geese,
Worth probably a half a crown a-piece;
And that he *probably* may deem *enough*.—
Her gracious MAJESTY may condescend
Her precious compliments to send,
Tack'd to a pound or two of snuff:

The history of *Strelitz* too, perhaps;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the Maps.

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful.—The *most secret* charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to God.

Most mighty EMP'ROUR, be not thou afraid
That *we* shall generosity upbraid:

Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the measure—
If Palaces won't hold the precious things,
Behold, the best of Queens and *eke* of Kings
Will build them Barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send *too much*—
But as I know the Great Ones of our isle,
The very *thought* indeed would make them smile:

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese Empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for *more*:
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese Empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
Ev'n then My LADY SCHWELLENBERG would bawl,
“Gote dem de shabby fella—vat, dis all?”

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis*;
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis*.

Then load away with rarities the ship,
And let us cry, “She made a *handsome trip*”—
But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The dev'l take presents that can *wag their jaws*.

ODE VI.

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
And *thee*, O white-rob'd TRUTH, I've rev'renc'd
long—

I'm fond too of that flashy varlet WIT,
Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet SIMPLICITY I glory—
To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, and the BAILIFF.

A T A L E.

AS well as I can recollect,

It is a story of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

WILLIAM had got a private hole to spy
The folks who came with writs, or 'How d'ye do?'
Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,
Though not disguis'd to our friend WILL,
Came, to WILL's shoulder compliments to pay,
Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous skill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
But no!

WILL's servant NATHAN, with a strait-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not ran—
"Master at home?" the Bailiff sweetly said—
"Thou canst not speak to him," replied the Man:

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
"Nay, snuffled NATHAN, "let it not thus strike thee;
"Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN
"Hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
 Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
 Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
 Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
 Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul—
 Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralise—
 Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
 For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
 Though FATE, with all his legions, be at hand,
 The beasts, the draught of CIRCE can't withstand,
 But in goes every nose—they *must*, *will* sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untam'd!
 When PRUDENCE mounts their backs, to ride them
 mild,
 They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
 Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
 The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread—
 By heav'ns, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
 And kicking, lo, again thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose;
 And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
 And finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
 Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again"—
 And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
 That near wert thou to DEATH's unfocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
 Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—

Now

Now turnest—on the table making rings;
 Now crawling, forming a wet track,
 Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
 Now flutt'ring nectar from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
 And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
 And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
 Preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
 And rapture to thy family afford—

There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
 That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
 Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
 And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
 And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
 These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—

Whilst PUNCH, the grinning merry imp of sin,
 Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiss,
 Smiles in his face, as though he meant him blifs,
 Then, like an Alligator, drags him in.

ELEGY to the FLEAS of TENERIFFE.

*Written in the Year 1768, at SANTA CRUZ, in Company
 with a Son of the late Admiral BOSCAWEN, at the House
 of Mr. MACKERRICK, a Merchant of that Place.*

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
 Whose bones, perchance, may ache as well as ours,
 O let us rest in peace the weary head,
 This night—the first we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick

Thick as a flock of starlings on our skins,
Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
Ye stab us also, like so many pins—
SLEEP swears he cant come near us whilst ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we brush the busy hosts away;
Fearless, on *other parts* their thousands pitch.

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,
“ Eat hearty, Fleas—they're some Outlandish Men—
“ Fat stuff—no Spaniards all so lean and dry—
“ Such charming ven'son ne'er may come agen.”

How shall we meet the morn?—With shameful eyes!
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Just like two turkey-eggs, we speckled rise,
Scorn'd by the LOVES, and mock'd by all the GRACES.

What will the stately Nymph, JOANNA*, say?
How will the beauteous CATHERINA* stare!
“ Away, ye nasty Britons—foh! away,”
In sounds of horror will exclaim the Fair.

What though we tell them 'twas MACKERRICK's† bed?
What though we swear 'twere all MACKERRICK's fleas?
Disgusted will the Virgins turn the head;
No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verses greet their hand;
No more they listen to our panting prose;
No more beneath their window shall we stand,
And ferenade their beauties to repose.

The *Conversation*‡ meet their end;
The love-inspir'd *Fandango* warms no more;
The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;
The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.

† He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.

‡ At his Excellency's the Governor.

But,

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,
 Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
 Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain?
 Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a DOCTOR, of redoubted skill,
 A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death;
 Who to the Western IND proceeds to kill,
 And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath:

A BARD, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
 Shall bid with wonder all PARNASSUS start;
 A BARD, whose converse MONARCHS shall admire,
 And, happy, learn his lofty Odes by heart*.

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of MARS,
 A youth who kindles with a FATHER's flame;
 BOSCAWEN call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
 And gave to *Immortality* a name.

Lo, such are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!
 Such is our British Quality, O Fleas!—
 Then spare our tender skins this one, one night—
 To-morrow eat MACKERRICK, if ye please.

THE CAPTIVE.

A PERSIAN ELEGY.

SCENE—*The Sultan's Palace.*

TO thee, who rul'st o'er Persia's wide domain,
 The wretch of Zulpha pours the suppliant sigh:
 Shall love the bleeding bosom bare in vain,
 And pity vainly raise th' imploring eye?

* Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

Lo,

Lo, virtue weeps! her sacred drops revere;
Nor thus her cheek with burning blushes stain:
The monarch's heart, that melts at virtue's tear,
More than a thousand triumphs gild his reign.

Enough of woe, have war's wild horrors spread;
Ev'n now the vallies shriek, the hamlets burn.
See havock waft the blaze from shade to shade!
See the wan shepherd o'er the ruin mourn!

Say, cannot this the soft emotion wake;
Force from thy eye the sympathizing stream;
But shall thy cruelty the wretch o'ertake,
'Scap'd from the ruffian's sword and wasting flame?

Those weeping orbs eternal darkness shade,
If one fond glance thy savage hope inspires:
Love's keenest vengeance smite the guilty maid,
False to her fame, and faithless to his fires.

Live, live ye vales of Lar in mem'ry's eye,
Whose song so often stole my ravish'd ear;
Let Selim's name embalm my constant sigh,
His image brighten ev'ry falling-tear.

Can Lar's fair vallies from remembrance fade,
Mir's echoing rill, and Dinur's conscious grove;
Where truth and Selim won a willing maid,
Where flow'd the shepherd's first fond sigh of love.

Ye fair sultanas, that around me throng,
Ah! cease to soothe a captive's hapless hours:
Harsh to my ear is pleasure's careless song,
And dim the radiance scepter'd grandeur show'rs.

Ah! what avails the purple's costly pride,
The ruby's blush, the di'mond's light'ning beam,
Attendant slaves, or music's wanton tide,
Or floods of fragrance, that around me stream?

Can pomp from love-sick absence steal the sigh,
Smooth with gay smiles the sullen front of care,
Chace the pale cloud from melancholy's eye,
And calm the deep-ton'd murmurs of despair?

Away those tow'rs, that thus their heads advance.
While servile flatt'ry crawls a welcome guest,
Where prostitution darts the wanton glance,
And envy's demons gnaw the throbbing breast!

Fairer to me is Sufan's dangerous shade,
Where growling fate, the restless savage roams:
Where horror breathes around a death-like dread,
And crowding spectres haunt the twilight glooms.

Fairer to me the dungeon's dreary round,
Low-sounding to the captive's hollow sigh;
Where the pale pond'ring wretch, in thought profound,
Nails to the murky floor his haggard eye.

Ye Persian nymphs, with artless manners blest,
And blest with blooms by beauty's pencil spread;
Retire, sweet strangers to the throbbing breast,
And court of solitude her deepest shade.

Wing, where gay freedom bounds from grove to grove,
Where love in safety points the tender gaze;
Where feeds, young innocence, her cooing dove,
And meek contentment pours the song of praise.

Parents of lovely maids, be deaf the ear,
While pride the flatt'ring pompous tale imparts,
Far from those bow'rs each blushing damsel bear,
Nor give to mis'ry's gripe their gentle hearts.

The tyger growling thro' th' affrighted wood,
Springs to defend th' endanger'd young from harm;
The fierce, the wild-ey'd vulture, bath'd in blood,
Feels for her youngling's cry, the fond alarm.

Thus

Thus sung the nymph, the soft sultanas sigh'd :
 Desire with virtue in the monarch strove ;
 Be blest, be Selim thine (at length) he cry'd,
 Then gave the maid to liberty and love.

O D E VII.

O Queen of flowers, whose tender care
 Swells the soft gales that nurse the youthful year,
 With whom fair Venus comes along,
 Theme of the feather'd choir's melodious song ;
 Venus, the wanton queen of love,
 Whom the gay nymphs resound through every grove.
 Oh say, beneath what favour'd shade
 Beguiles my West, in studious leisure laid,
 The mid-day hours, not ill employ'd,
 Whether he throws his golden lyre aside,
 Or 'mid Pieria's laves, again
 Fill'd with poetic fire resumes the strain,
 Forgot his friend, who climbs the height
 Of shady Tusculum, or Alba's seat ?
 Ye spreading pines, whose sacred groves
 Faunus, and every sportive satyr loves,
 Where Anio down the trembling steeps,
 And rugged rocks, with headlong torrent sweeps ;
 O witness all, his name how oft
 O'er Tibur's cloud-crown'd hills hath soar'd aloft ;
 Oft Æsula, how all around,
 Say, have thy lovely shades return'd the sound ;
 How oft each clift, and hallow'd dell,
 Where Latium's naiads ever love to dwell.
 For me the Latin naiads view'd
 On the dank margin of that limpid flood,
 Where erst his plumes of silvery hue,
 Venusium's bird oft bath'd in rosy dew.
 Wondrous ! while he, sweet songster, sung,
 The silent woods in mute attention hung ;
 At his sweet lay each fount stood still,
 And check'd the tinkling of its sacred rill.

Ev'n

Ev'n now (the muses thus ordain)
 The rocks, the laurels still preserve the strain.
 Nor wonder that in aukward flight
 My unfledg'd wings attempt Parnassus' height;
 The sweet retreat, the blooming spring,
 Call forth to voice my rude unletter'd string.
 In this blest seat (my words believe)
 Phœbean slumbers hang on every leaf:
 While every rill and gale around
 Charms with a sweeter and a sprightlier sound.

The present unnatural and fatal enmity towards those best creatures in the world, KINGS and QUEENS, putting our most AUGUST COUPLE more on their guard against evil machinations, by selecting Mr. TOWNSEND, Mr. MACMANUS, and Mr. JEALOUS, the most accomplished Thief-takers upon earth, to watch over them as a Garde de corps; such an important circumstance, so illuminative of the historical page, could not escape the eagle eye of the LYRIC BARD, who, in consequence, has addressed an Ode of praise and admonition to the three aforesaid Gentlemen.

O D E V I I I.

T O

Messrs. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, & JEALOUS,

The THIEF-TAKERS, and ATTENDANTS ON MAJESTY.

YE friends to JUSTICE GIBBET, JUSTICE JAIL,
 And JUSTICE CART's slow-moving tail,
 Accept the BARD's sincere congratulation—
 Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,
 Elected, for your most heroic merit,
 The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When BLOOD, that enterprising Chap,
 Attempted *only* on the crown a rape,
 Pale HORROR rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes—
 But should *some knave*, with fingers most unclean,
 Attempt to steal away our KING and QUEEN,
 How would the Empire in disorder rise!

Just like the nations of the honied hive,
 Who, if they lose their Sov'REIGN, never thrive.

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so sly,
 In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,
 And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,
 Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,
 Just as sly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
 Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goose.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the Pair;
 We cannot such a precious couple spare—
 O, cat-like, guard the door against TOM PAINE:
 TOM PAINE's an artful and rebellious dog,
 Swears that a sacred throne is but a log,
 And MONARCHS too expensive to maintain.

I know their Majesties are in a fright;
 I know they very badly sleep at night—
 TOM PAINE's indeed a most terrific word;
 A name of fear, that sounds in ev'ry wind,
 A goblin damn'd, that haunts the royal mind;
 Of DAMOCLES, the hair-suspended sword.

Why should our glorious Sov'reigns be unblest?
 Why by a paltry subject be distressed?
 Is there no poison for TOM PAINE?—alas!
 Is there no halter for this knave of knaves?
 Audacious fellow! lo, the Crown he braves,
 And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd *ass*.

For this poor burden'd *ass*, he swears he feels,
 And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What

What a bright thought in **GEORGE** and **CHARLOTTE**,
 Who, to escape each wicked varlet,
 And disappoint **TOM PAINE**'s disloyal crew,
 Fix'd on the brave **MACMANUS**, **TOWNSEND**, **JEALOUS**,
 Delightful company, delicious fellows,
 To point out, ev'ry minute, *who is who!*

To hustle from before their noble Graces,
 Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
 Where treason, murder, and sedition, dwell;
 To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch;
 To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
 The sweet historians of the pensive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!
 How pleas'd, a thief or highwayman to hunt!
 Blest as **CORNWALLIS** **TIPPOO** to pursue;
 Blest as old **PUR'S** **RAM BHOW**, and **HURRY PUNT!**

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!
 How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
 Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
 And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a **CHAMBERMAID** a **FLEA** espies,
 How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
 To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
 And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump;
 Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—
 She misses—off hops **BLOODSUCKER** again:
 The nymph with wild alacrity pursues;
 Now loses sight of him, and now gets views,
 Whilst all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
 Poor fighting **SUSAN** quits th' important chace:—
 Once more resolv'd, she brightens up her wits,
 And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits—
 Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
 'Tis not the cleanliest trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth SUSAN cannot see;
Now SUSAN drags him forth, with victor pride,
The culprit crusheth; and thus falls the FLEA!

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
The Princes all have had their education!
What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
How had ye moralis'd their youngling hearts,
How had ye giv'n an insight of the Arts,
So necessary, Sirs, for fov'reign sway!

CUNNING's a pretty monitor for Kings;
She teacheth most extraordinary things;
She keepeth subjects in their proper sphere;
She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to prostrate at command—
A Kingdom is a Monarch's dancing bear.

By means of this same humble capering beast,
What royal showmen fill their fobs, and feast!

O tell the world's great Masters, not to spare—
A subject's murmur is beneath their care:
When well accusom'd to the busy thong,
Flogging's a matter of mere sport—a song.

All know the tale of BETTY and the Eel—
“ You cruel b—h (a man was heard to say)
“ To serve poor creatures in that horrid way!”
“ Lord Sir!” quoth BETTY, turning on her heel,
“ The eels are us'd to it !”—so saying,
And humming *ça ira*, continued *slaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
TIME shall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* myself your Epitaph shall write,
And dare the vile old stone-eater to bite.

THE EPITAPH.

“ Here lie three crimps of death, knock’d down by
 “ Fate;
 “ Of Justice the staunch blood-hounds too, so keen;
 “ Who choak’d the little plund’ers of the State,
 “ And, glorious, sav’d a mighty King and Queen.”

Behold, the Guards, so disappointed, mourn!
 With jealousy their glorious bosoms burn,
 To find by *you*, dread Sirs, usurp’d their places:
 “ What! not the regiments of Death be trusted!
 “ By Thief-takers, O Jesu! to be ousted!
 “ Thief-catchers *Gardes de corps* unto their Graces!”

Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,
 Who, with their swords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!
 Your tales of house-breakers, those nightly curses;
 Of Heroes of the Heath, Saint Giles’s boys;
 Hist’ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purses.

O for minds-royal, what delightful food!
 Stories surpassing those of ROBIN HOOD.

Sweet are of slight-hand BARRINGTON the tales;
 Of *changeful* MAJOR SEMPLE, charming too!
 Delicious story through each HULK prevails,
 Full of instruction, pleasant, sage, and new.

Hence the pure streams of thieving science flow,
 Which through your mouths to gaping Monarchs go;
 And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
 With curious instruments, for robbing mete.

Who would not wish to see the gliding crook,
With whom the purses oft in silence stray?

Who would not on the tools with rapture look,
That from post-chaifes snap the trunks away?

Who would not ope false dice, ingenious bones?
A curious speculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;
The GREAT of WINDSOR shall such mirth disdain—

In days of *yore*, dull days, insipid things,
Kings trusted *only* to a PEOPLE's love—
But modern times in politics improve,
And *Bow-street Runners* are the shields of Kings.

ODE TO CÆLIA.

ENVY must own that thou art passing fair;
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air:
Yet, CÆLIA, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the Graces to the skin,
Merely to make a *nonpareille* of thee.

CÆLIA, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing;
And what too maketh me confounded sour,
Thou knowest what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
That I'm a simple fly, and in thy power.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of Love;
To keep alive a beautiful creation—
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the forded MISER's gold,
Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold!

Behold! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce;

And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;

That is, another beauty may appear,

If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo! thou puttest on the stare—

It seems a dark and intricate affair;

Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser—

Well, then, my Dear! at once agree,

As *chamber-counsel* to take me;

I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

AN ODE TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O NYMPH! with band-box tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle form'd all hearts to steal—

That ancle to the neatest leg united,

Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted,

For men by *little* matters guess a deal—

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—

But, dearest Damsel! what can make them mine?

Heav'n rest upon those heaving hills of snow;

The fascinating dimple in thy chin;

In short, thy charms without, and charms within,

Speak, are they purchasable?—aye, or no?

Thou see'st my soul wild staring from my eyes;

Let me not burst in ignorance, fair Maid!—

Why shewest thou, O peerless Nymph! surprise?

I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could I gain by gold those heav'nly charms!

Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,

Lo!

Lo! into guineas would I coin my heart;
 Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
 With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
 Then wake again—again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of blifs;
 To snatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kifs;
 A *kiss*!—a *thousand* kisses let me add—
 Ten *thousand* from thy unexhausted mint,
 And then ten thousand of *my own* imprint—
 Speak, tempting Syren! to a swain stark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimfon glows,
 And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!
 Why mute, my Angel? thou disdain'st reply!
 'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!

O Nymph, so sweet! forgive my wild desires;
 That knave, thy band-box, wak'd my lawless fires,
 Bade me suspect what CHASTITY reveres:—
 What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin! speak,
 That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
 Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye with
 tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
 O yield thy beauties to some swain kind-hearted,
 Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
 And LOVE allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

Dear INNOCENCE! where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
 The PLEASURES sport around thy simple cell;
 The song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
 Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
 CONTENT and ruddy HEALTH thy hamlet hail,
 And ECHO waits upon the voice of LOVE.

But

But where—but where is scowling GUILT's abode?
The spectred heath, and DANGER's cavern'd road;

The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
FEAR pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on DARKNESS with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choofe—
O INNOCENCE, this instant I'm thy slave—
What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*?

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM! what, a new estate!
I give thee joy of *GABIA's fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs,
More snivel-bottles, jordans, and old jugs,
More saucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles,
In short, all sorts of culinary metals!

Leave not a dust-hole unexplor'd;
Something shall rise to be ador'd—

Search the old bedsteads and the rugs;
Such things are sacred—if, by chance,

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Hercula-
neum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

Amidst

Amidst the wood thine eye should glance
On a nice pair of antique bugs;

Oh! in some box the curious vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race!

Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
Would much DAINES BARRINGTON amuse;
Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping pans, and spits;
Would prove delectable to other wits;
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint stools,
Would ravish all our antiquarian schools.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing;
Would charm the * Knight of Soho Square:
A headless flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the Knight of Wonders stare.

A curl of some old Emp'ror's wig,
Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave so exquisite a jig,
Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

Oh! if some lumping rarity of gold,
Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,
Send it to our good K*** and gracious Q****:
No matter what th' inscription—if there's none,
'Tis all one!

Plain gold will please, as well as *work'd*, I ween—
Much will the present their *great* eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the *scale*.

Oh! could an earthquake shake down WAPPING,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thousand years the ruin shade,
What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare Musæums from the rubbish rise,
Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of MOLL FLANDERS, HANNAH SNELL,
And Miss D'Eon, those heroines, would sell!

* Sir Joseph Banks.

CANNING

CANNING and SQUIRES?

How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
And to their merits, Poets strike their lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
Would from the proud possessor draw *such* brags!

Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third—
The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
With rapt'rous adoration would be seen;

They would, upon my word.
Such would transport the people of hereafter,
Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT (*sub Rosā*). 1

Hift!—what fresh ovens of Etrurian ware;
What pretty jordan's has my friend to spare?

What gods are ripe for digging up, O Knight?
What Britons, *knowing* in the *Virtu* trade,
Soon as a grand discovery shall be made,
Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite?

What brazen god, baptiz'd with chamber lye*,
For which the future *connoisseurs* may sigh,
Is going into ground, with front sublime?
Hereafter to be worshipp'd soon as seen;
A resurrection rare, array'd in green,
A downright satire upon TIME;

Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
Taking two thousand years to make a coat.

* Sir WILLIAM keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he stumbles on a tolerable statue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great discovery to be made, and out comes an *antique* for universal admiration.

A whisper—

A whisper—lock'd is the Musæum door*,
 From whence antiques were wont to stray;
 Whose parents ne'er sat eyes upon them more,
 So much the little creatures lost their way?
 Pity thou could not news of them obtain,
 And send the gods and godlings back again!

Sir WILLIAM, what's become of that same Monk†,
 From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,
 Thine hist'ry issued about burning mountains?
 For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
 To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
 Who easily can buy the fountains?

O Knight of Naples! is it come to pass,
 That thou hast left the gods of stone and brass,
 To wed a deity of *flesh* and *blood*‡?
 O lock the temple with thy strongest key,
 For fear thy deity, a *comely* She,
 Should one day ramble in a frolic mood.

For since the idols of a *youthful* King,
 So very volatile indeed, take wing;
 If *his* to wicked wand'rings can incline,
 Lord! who would answer, poor old Knight, for *thine*?
 Yet *should* thy Grecian Goddess fly the fane,
 I think that we may catch her in, Hedge Lane||.

* Some valuable *antiques*, not long since, made their escape from the Royal Musæum, and travelled *the Lord knows where*.

† He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and furnished the Knight with all his volcanic observations, which pass on the world as *his own*.—*Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum*.

‡ It is really true—the Knight is married to a beautiful *virgin*, whom he styles his *Grecian*. Her attitudes are the most desirable models for *young artists*.

|| The resort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockspur Street.

EPIGRAM.

ON A STONE THROWN AT A *VERY GREAT MAN*,
BUT WHICH MISSED HIM.

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the *Stone*.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR CHLOE! well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, CHLOE, a surprise;
Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A damn'd good god!

Thus, of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
Shall, by a *Monarch's* all creative word,
Become a very decent Lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
 I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
 To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
 Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
 HELL's genius roams the regions of the dark,
 And swells the thund'ring horrors of the DEEP.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
 Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
 I own I labour for the voice of praise—
 For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?
 Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er SHAKSPEARE's page
 I mark, in visions of delight, the SAGE,
 High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
 A COLUMN in the melancholy Waste,
 (Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
 Majestic, 'mid the solitude of TIME.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
 Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
 A Form that wakes my deepest sigh;
 A Form, that feels of Death the leaden sleep—
 Descending to the realms of shade,
 I view a pale-eye'd panting Maid;
 I see the VIRTUES o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the MUSE's simple pray'r
 Command the envied trump of Fame,
 OBLIVION should ELIZA spare:
 A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?

Ah! draws thy lustre to its end?

Yes, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—

O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;

How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!

How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender, now, alas! thy thread of fire!

Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!

In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—

At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:

Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,

Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring, now no more!

Thus shall the suns of science sink away,

And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flow'r—

For where's the GIANT who to TIME shall say,

“Destructive Tyrant! I arrest thy pow'r;”

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